JOHN BULL, week ending January 13, 1962

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1961

3D EVERY THURSDAY

JOBS AND HOMES By The Editor

HOUR I'LL NEVER FORGET

THE BATTLE OF BERLIN By A.G.G.

A National Savings Certificate

speaks for itself

★ *I keep your Savings absolutely safe.*

★ *I grow in value from 15/- to 20/6 in ten years' time—an increase in value equivalent to compound interest at £3 3s. 5d. per cent per annum.*

★ *My interest is free of Income Tax.*

★ *You can buy me very easily—through your Savings Group or War Savings Centre or at a Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank.*

★ *I'm yours for 15/- down, or you can acquire me gradually by purchasing 6d., 2/6 or 5/- Savings Stamps.*

★ *You can cash me (though I hope you won't) but if you do, you'll get your money back plus any interest I have earned up to date.*

★ *You possibly already hold some of me —and perhaps some of my older brothers at 15/6 and 16/-. Although you cannot hold more than 500 of me and my older brothers altogether, you can, in addition, hold up to 250 of my young brother, the £1 Certificate, who becomes worth 23/- at the end of ten years.*

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

★ *Easy to buy* ★ *Easy to hold* ★ *Easy to cash* ★ *Absolutely safe*

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Your Child may be another picture-book baby to-day, BUT...

everything is in that "but"! To safeguard his future you *must* see that he gets his daily ration of orange juice and cod liver oil. During the last three months of 1943 wise mothers and children have had the bottled juice of 140,500,000 oranges. *Did your child have his share?* The Coupons are ready in his ration book. Now it is up to you. Orange juice and cod liver oil are both necessary to ensure a young child's *continued* health. Get these two vital vitamin foods for your child to-day. **Read on to find out why.**

WHY *babies and children should have orange juice*

Orange juice contains vitamin C, a vitamin we are apt to go short of in wartime. Vitamin C keeps the blood healthy. Lack of vitamin C may be responsible for bleeding gums and nose, and flabby tissues. *Three teaspoonfuls of concentrated orange juice in water* daily *supply a child with the necessary amount of vitamin C.*

WHY *babies and children should have cod liver oil*

National cod liver oil compound contains vitamins A and D — something else that babies and children are likely to go short of. Vitamin A raises the power of resistance to infection. Vitamin D fixes the calcium in the bones. A shortage of this vitamin means rickets, badly formed bones, bad teeth. *Every baby from a month old should have a teaspoonful of cod liver oil or its equivalent every day.*

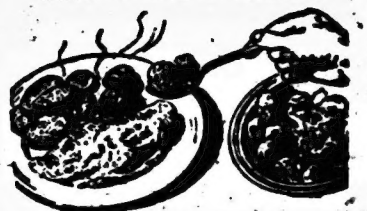
LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT FROM TUESDAY TO FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

FOOD FACTS

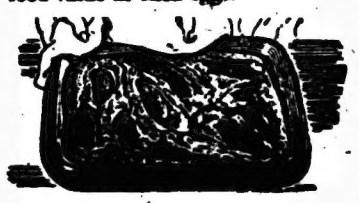
THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. No. 178

Meat-Savers!

Let eggs help out this week's meals



2½ minutes makes this delicious omelette! Allow 3 or 4 reconstituted eggs for two people. Season, beat well and cook quickly in smoking hot fat. Serve with potatoes and greens. Eggs are a protein food like meat, and dried eggs have the same food value as shell eggs.



Mix 1 dried egg (dry), 4 oz. flour, salt, ¼ pint mixed milk and water. Add sufficient liquid to make a stiff batter, beat well, then add rest of liquid. Use with sausages or meat left-overs. Cook about 30 minutes.

Don't mix dried eggs with water till you are ready to use them.

A packet of 12 Dried Eggs costs only 1/3

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

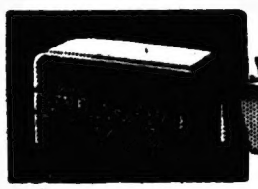
Tiny tummies are delicate; young palates fastidious, and feeding baby in nursery days is sometimes a worrying business.

Biscuits, which include rusks and wafers, put no strain on the digestion and babies love them. And they are cram full of food and nutriment and stimulate energy almost instantly. Although the supplies are small, try to keep enough for a regular diet for baby.

CV2-36

He loves to pilot the girl with that **Schoolgirl Complexion**

They're so proud of one another. He's her hero. To him, she's the loveliest woman on earth! That's because she entrusts the care of her skin to Palmolive. The rich, velvety olive oil lather of Palmolive will cleanse and beautify *your* skin—give you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe and keep you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.



PALMOLIVE

4d. Including Tax

THE SPEAKER BOWED.
HE TOLD THE CROWD
THE WELCOME
WAS DELIGHTFUL.
A VOICE THEN CRIED
"USE EASY, MATE,
THAT CHIN OF YOURS
LOOKS FRIGHTFUL!"

* *Include one in the parcels you send to your menfolk in the Services.*

USE **EASY SHAVING STICK**

Over 100 shaves in every stick!

7½D.

Sheaffer's Facsimile Stick

Where's my BOURNVILLE COCOA?

. . . We all need now that *extra* nourishment that Bournville gives.

Still only 9½d a half-pound tin—and no points.

MADE BY CADBURY

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 15, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

ARE WE READY?

NOT only on the field of battle but in the council chamber the supreme test of shrewd leadership must soon be faced.

The coming months should bring the opportunity of peace. It may be the last opportunity to create a real peace. It will certainly be a fleeting one.

Yet in some ways we are less prepared for it than when, at the end of the last war, we did not know how to seize it.

Going Ahead

Contrast the military and political situation.

The first is satisfactory; from all the battlefronts the news is good. The Russian advance, vast in scope and greater still in import, seems as irresistible as a hurricane; the air offensive in the West grows to devastating intensity; Japanese outposts are being encompassed and destroyed.

Final Plans

Here in London the Second Front commanders are conferring and perfecting their plans.

Washington promises them all the ships they require—though we should make doubly sure of having all the landing craft necessary to translate the vast invading armies.

Secret Weapons

In Germany there is a quaint anxiety to deny the existence of any secret weapons with which to counter invasion.

Why this change of tune? We may perhaps attribute it to the incessant bombing of targets on the French coast. After all, Allied bombing is usually pretty thorough.

What's the Meaning?

But in diplomatic and economic affairs our preparations for the war's grand climax are hanging fire. We do not even know what our leaders mean by Unconditional Surrender, and we may suspect that they don't know either.

If they made up their minds and announced the result to Germany and her wavering allies, the war's end might be hastened and the lives of fine soldiers might be spared.

Answers In Doubt

There is the thorny Polish question, now of grave military as well as political importance. There is no need to haggle about frontiers: guarantees of work, food and homes come first. But certain broad principles must be laid down for all the countries of Europe.

Are we to encourage democracies or dictatorships? Should we be prepared to treat with quislings who might, for a short time, be of real use to us? Is AMGOT to be replaced by using and supporting democratic elements?

Thick and fast the questions fall. No one knows the answers. And perplexity and suspicion increase.

King Victor

Imagine the dismay caused to Italian democrats who, debarred from many democratic rights by the Allies themselves, heard that recent "Rally Round *Me*" broadcast by their discredited and unpopular king.

Was his broadcast passed by United Nations officials? If so, won't the Eighth Army men begin to wonder if they are fighting to keep him securely on his throne?

Making Peace

Then there are the Balkans. It is excellent news that Allied liaison officers are healing the breach between the rival Greek guerilla bands. That King Peter has been to see Michaelovitch, and the change of government in Bulgaria, are grounds for hope.

But a really positive policy might bring not only Bulgaria but Rumania and Hungary out of the war; for the peoples of all three States are no longer willing dupes of Nazism.

In justice to Greece and Yugoslavia they cannot be let off lightly—but they might be persuaded that surrender now would be preferable to conquest soon.

Fascism Revives

A firm attitude towards Argentina and Bolivia is hardly less necessary.

Presumably we shall not fall over our feet in haste to recognise the new Government of Bolivia—as we did when a group of dictators grabbed control of the Argentine. But there is no doubt that our leaders underrated the strength of Nazi influence in South America.

Taken By Surprise

The Foreign Office, indeed, appeared to be astonished by recent developments, which certainly have not been to the Allies' gain.

Other people may be more astonished that the Foreign Office should have been so obviously ill-informed and ill-advised.

"HOW GRATEFUL I AM"—

writes Mr. F. G. Razey of Swindon, in acknowledging cheque for £105 paid under our Free Insurance to replace goods lost when a fire broke out at his home due to a defective oil stove.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc., in addition to FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE, underwritten at Lloyd's.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Franco's Plight

They might also be pardoned for mistrusting the Foreign Office attitude towards Spain.

General Franco's position is like that of a rope in a tug-o'-war match. Germany will not let him forget that he murdered the Republic by her bombs and shells; on the other hand, he dare offend Britain no longer, because he at last realises that the United Nations are going to win this war. A complication is that the Monarchists are trying to win British support.

We'd Like To Know

Where, we should like to know, does the British Foreign Office place its trust? In Franco? In some young king to replace him? Or in the millions of starving Spaniards who, dare they speak, would choose to have neither?

Much to Learn

As for propaganda, we have much to learn here from the Russians—in particular, that the main enemy is still Germany!

The Worst Muddle

So far as our Government is concerned, its handling of home affairs becomes more inept with every month that passes.

We cannot win this war without coal. Yet now, at the most crucial phase of the struggle, we are compelled to cut down the supplies of coal to our war factories—as JOHN BULL predicted more than a year ago.

Yes, more than a year ago. A year in which the Government has merely tinkered with the problem and nervously ignored its vital implications!

Not a Full Stop

For the miners are not to blame. JOHN BULL deplores the occasional pit stoppages as much as any Diehard; but the fact remains that during the whole of this war pit disputes have resulted in the loss of no more than three days' total output.

To find the chief reason for underproduction we must dig deeper; we must dig into the foundations of an industry that for generations has been badly controlled, badly equipped, and badly organised.

And this the Government hesitates to do lest it should offend the vested interests.

Farming's Future

Turn to the land itself, and there you will find similar lack of foresight.

JOHN BULL does not support the farmers in their rancorous dispute with Mr. Hudson. But surely it is time the Cabinet authorised him to translate the Hot Springs decisions on food and agriculture into a real policy for the post-war years.

After all, the Government was a party to those decisions. It should be prepared to give effect to them.

Under Control

Industry in general is uncertain of the future. It does not know how to prepare for the immense task of switching from war production to full peace employment. And it will not know until the Government issues directions.

During the transition period, many official controls must be retained. Otherwise there will be a wild scramble for materials and a catastrophic rise in prices.

Devil's Opportunity

Some Ministers have stressed this truth time and again. But the Government as a whole has remained as mute as an undertaker's assistant.

It has produced no plan. Its wishes are unknown.

Will it support its enlightened Ministers? Or will it surrender to the Big Business battalions who would welcome a grand rush by speculators and let the Devil take the hindmost?

Beveridge and Others

As for Beveridge, the Government's White Paper will concede big individual reforms. That seems certain.

But, excellent though they may be, these reforms will fall short of Sir William's comprehensive, closely knit scheme which so vividly appealed to the public imagination.

There are other reports, too, on which official action is belated (as JOHN BULL points out on page 5).

Parliament's Spring-Clean

In short, the time demands clear-cut decisions by the Government and much more speedy work by Parliament.

This session, indeed, offers Parliament a rare chance of service to the people whose blood and toil have preserved it from Hitlerism.

IT SHOULD BE A SESSION OF QUICK AND PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION—IF ONLY BECAUSE MOST OF THAT LEGISLATION SHOULD HAVE BEEN PASSED LAST YEAR.

(Continued overleaf)

IT'S ODD

● You read, of course, of that marvellous jet-propelled 'plane which is about to go into full production for the R.A.F.

Maybe you also read that Flight-Lieutenant Sayer—the man who risked his life in testing it at colossal speeds, and who has since been killed—was awarded the O.B.E.

No honour has yet been conferred on the brain behind it, Group Captain Whittle—who spent more than ten years on designing it. Maybe he'll be given the C.B.E. some time.

Higher honours—peerages, baronetcies, knighthoods—are usually reserved for the Big Business men who merely manufacture such weapons.

On the same day that the success of this new invention was reported, the newspapers also announced that one of Mr. Churchill's doctors had been awarded the O.B.E. No doubt he deserved it for prescribing M. and B. 693 for the Prime Minister. No doubt, too, that Mr. Churchill's chief doctor deserved the peerage he received last year.

But——

No peerage or knighthood, not even the O.B.E., has been awarded to the two British doctors who actually invented the drug and thus saved millions of lives.

It's all very odd. And all very unfortunate.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THEY'RE always having ideas in Blackpool—and mostly good ones. One of the latest is excellent.

Mayor Parkinson has set up a fund to give a new start to the town's 16,000 serving men and women when they come back to civil life.

Now's the Time

The Town Council has agreed to grant £10,000 to the fund, and the Mayor hopes to get in at least £50,000.

What a fine thing it would be if every local authority in the country followed this example. *Now* is the time to see that ex-Servicemen get a squarer deal.

Instead . . .

Too Permanent

Far too many permanent appointments are being made by the local authorities. Young solicitors, for instance, who are now fighting for us, have no chance to apply for official posts that, once filled, will be beyond their reach for years to come.

The solution is to make more temporary appointments.

His Two Jobs

A correspondent mentions the appointment of a local registrar of births and deaths. The job, he says, should have gone to a wounded ex-soldier.

Instead, a man who is fully employed elsewhere got the post. And his deputy does the work, or most of it.

Did Her Best

Mrs. Bisset, of Errol Street, Aberdeen, has a son who, as a Territorial, was mobilised on September 1, 1939.

He served for three and a half years, was discharged with kidney trouble, and can now do only light casual work.

Mrs. Bisset, instead of applying for charity, took a small second-hand furniture and crockery shop for her son, and stocked it as well as she could from her own shop.

Turned Down

She applied for a licence, was refused, and has had appeals turned down three times, though local people have written to say they want the shop.

What's going to happen now? We'd like to hear of an inquiry and a new move by Board of Trade officials in the Aberdeen area.

Mine Mystery

Questions are likely to be asked in Parliament in a few days' time about the out-of-work Lanarkshire coalminers.

There's certainly a mystery to be solved.

While boys are being conscripted to the pits, a number of able-bodied, highly skilled men formerly employed at Dewshill Colliery, Salsburgh, are drawing unemployment benefit.

"Unsuitable"

A JOHN BULL man has been talking to some of these miners. They have been provided with the official "green cards" at the Employment Exchanges and sent to collieries where work was known to be available.

But they didn't get jobs. Their cards were marked "unsuitable." Why?

One-Sided

The men say the Essential Work Order is one-sided. It means they have to offer themselves for employment where they are directed and accept a job if it's offered.

But the employers are not compelled to take a man on. They can turn him down without explaining *why* he is unsuitable.

Moreover, the Lanarkshire miners allege that in some instances men have been kept out of work because they were suspected of having been associated with "disputes" in the past.

Fair Trial

The whole affair must be looked into. There's not the slightest doubt that the out-of-work miners have cause for complaint.

A colliery official in the area told our representative that they wanted Mr. Bevin's scheme to have a fair trial, and that men who were known to be agitators would tend to sabotage the scheme before it got going.

Who Will Choose?

That's all very well. But what about the trained miners having a fair trial, too?

Who is to pick and choose among them, saying one is likely to be awkward and another isn't? The colliery officials?

No, that isn't the way we are going to see things done.

Answer "Yes"

In the meantime, miners in general are awaiting the National Reference Tribunal's decision on the claim for a £6 a week minimum for underground workers.

It's promised within the next 10 days, and will be ready for the miners' leaders when they resume their special delegate conference on January 27.

Let's hope the Tribunal answers "Yes."

Taken to Task

One of our farmer readers takes us to task in a friendly way for saying on this page recently that he and his fellows are having the time of their lives.

We still do say that there's great prosperity in the agricultural industry—and deserved prosperity. The farmers ought to get a good living if anybody ought.

What He Made

Still, in fairness, let's quote our correspondent.

After describing the enormously long hours he has to work, and mentioning his increased expenses (12s. for shoeing a horse, for instance, when it used to be 2s. 8d.), he says that last year his farming income was £3,477 15s. 10d. and his expenses £3,232 7s. 9d.

The income tax inspector agreed that his profit for the year was £215 8s. 1d.

The Sunnier Side

That, of course, is ridiculous in view of some of the earnings of workers in the engineering trades. But there are two qualifications. This particular farmer is working bad land and his experience is far from general.

And he takes no account of the great amenities of farm life. The fresh air, the eggs (perhaps), the butter, and the comparative absence of shopping difficulties.

And the Reverse

Please notice that we're talking about farmers and not farm labourers. Our postbag shows only too plainly that the workers are having all the war time kicks and very few of the ha'pence.

How They Live

Only the other day a letter from a country parson described the living conditions of a family of seven whose home is two rooms downstairs and one-and-a-bit upstairs.

The walls are nearly always sopping wet, and when four of the family come home after working from dawn to dusk in the fields there is nowhere for them even to sit. They just go to bed.

Not So Simple

Talking of incomes reminds us that a tax warning may be useful.

Many readers seem to be expecting that the new "pay-as-you-earn" deduction scheme will relieve them of all their past income tax worries and that it will not be necessary for them to bother about return forms in future.

It isn't quite so simple as that.

Ask for Help

Individual taxpayers must still make returns so that they can be *coded* according to the allowances to which they are entitled.

If you have outstanding queries or disputes about your current liabilities, the best thing you can do is to write to JOHN BULL'S expert and get him to help you.

Twice-Told Tale

In a London public-house recently a colleague saw two posters. One warned him to fill his bath every night: if a bomb hit the mains he'd get no other water supply, maybe for days.

The other poster beseeched him not to waste water because waste of water meant wasted fuel.

Something out of date somewhere.

Very Tempting

We've just been looking at a copy of a periodical intended for budding writers—an excellent little production in its way.

But its advertisement columns are curious to say the least. One man offers to put readers in touch with six newspapers requiring journalists "of their calibre" for a fee of only three shillings.

Another advertiser says: "Love stories! Will gentleman collaborate with lady? Only live wire need write."

Be Careful

No doubt these announcements, and the others offering tuition, are harmless and intended to be helpful. Genuine correspondence schools in journalism and fiction-writing can save beginners from wasting time. Whether more than very few of the pupils ever earn a bean is another matter.

But in any case it's as well to temper prudence with your enthusiasm in studying these advertisements.

Footnote

Overheard at a fashionable Mayfair hairdresser's last week. . . .

One member of the staff to another: Ring up the So-and-So Hotel and find out what varnish the Duchess of —— has on her toes."

It's total war all right these days.

Grandest trouper of them all

"Our Alice"—Alice Delysia, famous French star and the darling of the troops—is back in this country after nearly three years in the Middle East. In that time she's been anywhere, suffered all kinds of hardship, to entertain the troops. We print her picture as an example to many younger stars who are not doing their bit—the stars who wriggle out of Ensa tours abroad, and cut their tours in this country.

Week after week we get letters from disappointed troops in the lonely outposts. Listen to this, from a Lance-Corporal stationed in an out-of-the-way corner of the Midlands: "We've had two rebuffs from star performers. Famous players were in the first performance at our camp theatre lately. But only on the first night. Men who had booked for the second show were disappointed. On another occasion a play, heavily booked in advance because of the stars, was cancelled the day before it was to be given."

Is it true, this soldier asks, that "top-liners" are scared to visit camps situated off the main street?

Yes, in many cases, only too true.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **A dramatic appeal to German people, possibly by Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill, is expected to coincide with the launching of the Second Front. Method of approach will cause a sensation.**

- *Neubacher, Hitler's chief political agent in the Balkans, has reported complete failure of his tour to rally Balkan peoples to Germany's cause. Popular opposition was too great.*

- **Parents' protests against the recruitment of Nazi boys and girls for dangerous war services have been pouring into Nazi Party offices all over Germany.**

- **One thing British Admiralty did not mention in account of *Scharnhorst* sinking was morale of the handful of German survivors. Gratifyingly low, it fitted nicely into our intelligence experts' picture of the way things are going.**

JOBS AND HOMES

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

F a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, how long will it take half a dozen Government Departments to lay half a dozen bricks for this country's new houses?

A vital national question is put here in the form an old teaser because—so far—the various authori- s concerned with post-war reconstruction are like a of hens off lay, clucking to beat the band, but ivering no goods.

Lord Latham, leader of the L.C.C., said in a recent ech that "the declarations of Government spokes- n are perfect in their imprecision and without limit resource in finding excuses for delay."

His righteous impatience is shared by the ublic. Indeed, the position is growing so serious hat, if the Government fails to produce a national econstruction plan within the next few weeks, it ill become the sole mourner at its own funeral oon after the war in the West is over.

Rehousing is a priority stion. After Germany is ten, we shall need *at least* 0,000 new homes, not to ak of new schools, tories, training colleges, rches, public offices, and on.

And yet Sir Harold Bellman, chairman of the ey Road Building Society, points out that under sent conditions a building owner has to approach or more separate authorities before he can start k on a single building.

Addressing the Master Builders' Association in don the other day, Sir Harold called for "a quick clear statement of Government policy," together h "a simplification of Government machinery."

How right he was, for, without both, we cannot en start upon the vast task of rebuilding Britain!

The Government has scarcely begun to get to grips h any practical building problem. There are, for ance, barely 15,000 registered architects in the ntry, and of these 11,000 are assistants.

But Mr. Walter O. Hudson, Secretary of the Insti- e of Registered Architects, says "it will take all the 00 architects now in private practice five years to pare plans for reinstating the bomb-damaged ldings of London alone"!

"A year often elapses," he added, "between the missioning of an architect to plan the job and the ng of the first brick."

Why so long? Because, when his plans are com- e, they have to be submitted to the L.C.C.'s Town nning and Fire Protection Officers, to the Means Escape Section, to the District Surveyor, the City ineer, *and* the Sanitary Inspector.

And what is true of London is, broadly speaking, of the rest of the country. Always there is a es of local authorities to be consulted, and always local authority is subject to a series of Ministerial trols.

It follows that this system *must* be simplified if e is not to bring chaos in its wake.

T the lead—the true national directive—must come from the Government itself. No other power can cut through the choking tangle of red-tape.

And no other power can secure for the people the which is needed for the benefit of the whole munity.

Lord Woolton, Minister of Reconstruction, admits

"The matter of legislation in connection with the isition of land," he said the other day in the House ords, "is one of great urgency.

"Until that is settled, it will not be possible to eed to specific development proposals."

Why, then, has it not been settled? For years Jour has been imploring the Government to implement Scott, Barlow and Uthwatt Reports, all designed ve the State the powers it requires.

But Lord Woolton is *still* unable to name a date for introduction of the necessary legislation. All he promise is that there shall be no delay between rafting and its submission to Parliament.

Meanwhile, the Ministries of Health and Works, in boration with the Ministries of Agriculture and Town and Country Planning, are *preparing* a manual of general instruction on housing matters for the guidance of local authorities—many of which are desperately eager to start building!

The Minister of Works, by the way, has recently insisted upon the need for Government control of available building materials if any big programme is to be put through.

But no decisions have been taken in regard to these essential controls.

Lord Portal also speaks of the Government's re-building policy as though it actually existed. If it does, it has certainly never been made public.

It is all very well for him to say that the Govern- ment contemplates reconstruction in two periods—an emergency period of two years to meet acute shortage immediately after the war, and a long-term period of ten years thereafter to satisfy the national needs.

But contemplation won't get us far, and pro- grammes are of little value until they can be put into practice.

It may be necessary at first to build large numbers of houses by prefabrication methods. Government experts are testing some of these and "looking over samples." But they have made no decision about any of them.

The Ministry of Works, in consultation, of course, with the Ministry of Health, is actually building eight or nine pairs of demonstration houses. Shall we have to wait for them as long as we had to wait for the famous pair of "Brownway Cottages"?

Even the houses-or-flats controversy is still merrily ablaze; arguments about standards of construction go on and on, and threaten to go on for ever.

Nothing of consequence is being actually done. The Russians are said to have built 10,000 houses and a thousand blocks of flats in Stalingrad since it was re-occupied less than a year ago.

If they can do that at the height of a great offensive, who dare contend that we cannot even make a start until the war is over?

Housing and the provision of work for all are twin problems. They cannot be treated separately.

Woolton admits that we shall need a labour force 1,250,000 strong to carry out the Government's national building programme, but he has given the country no idea how this huge force is to be recruited and main- tained.

DEMOBILISATION itself, upon which all civilian labour problems will first depend after the war, seems likely to be decided by a general rule-of-thumb principle, having no regard to priority requirements.

And that brings us to the question of full employ- ment. The International Labour Office believes that after the war work *can* be provided for everybody, but only upon condition that plans are made at once to make jobs available as required during the transition from war to peace.

Mr. Bevin is known to have been working hard upon such plans, but it is high time they were pro- duced for Parliament's inspection.

To a large extent their success will depend on international planning—another field in which the Government should be making far more vigorous advances.

Undoubtedly the survival of Democracy itself will depend largely upon the provision of work at decent wages for all able-bodied citizens. And this again is dependent upon a stable world economy.

A home to live in and a good job to keep the home going—that is what the people of this country demands above all else.

And the public will not be satisfied to wait much longer for a full statement of Government policy upon both these vital problems.

Our leaders have had ample time for planning; now the moment has come for them to submit their plans for the nation's approval.

Nazis Can't Find This Radio Station

ONLY an expert poacher or game- keeper could have identified the gentle movements which dis- turbed the tall, swaying grasses in a field near *Gestapo* H.Q. in Poland.

To ninety-nine people out of a hun- dred the movements would have spelt nothing more than grass rustling in a breeze.

The hundredth might have devined a human agency.

But even he would have been unable to pick out the ultra-thin wire of rare alloy, so light that its length across the field was upheld by the seed heads of the swaying grasses.

From that wire sprang the voice of Poland, calling the world through one of the most gallant radio stations of the war—Station SWIT.

From that wire the voice of Poland still springs.

★ ★ ★

For more than two years the enraged Nazi occupiers of Poland have used every device they know to run Station SWIT to earth.

But they have failed.

For one thing, the station never broadcasts from the same place twice.

A high-powered transmitter, it works on a special wavelength known to Allied operators outside Poland.

The dozen or more experts who run it have produced a near-perfect camou- flage, and the periods during which they are on the air are so cleverly worked out that before the Nazi radiolocation units can track them down, Station SWIT has disappeared!

The transmitter can be so swiftly dis- mantled, moved, and reassembled, that important broadcasts have been known to go out from two widely separated points in Poland within four hours.

Operating on its own power, Station SWIT was supplied by the Allies with the special alloy wire to which reference has already been made, and which forms the station's antenna.

One snag which cropped up in the early days was the danger of the wire, stretched across the grasses of a field, betraying its position by glinting in the sunlight.

★ ★ ★

But Allied scientists solved even that problem.

They created a new, non-insulating lacquer with which the antenna was painted so that it no longer glistened in the sun.

From that point of achievement on- wards, Station SWIT has been in com- munication with the Polish Government in exile without interruption, transmit- ting vital news from Poland, sending coded messages from the underground movement, and creating a liaison of the ether between Poland enthralled and Poland overseas.

Nothing the Nazis can do has suc- ceeded in stopping a single broadcast, though on more than one occasion the *Gestapo* has claimed to have hunted the station down.

But even while such claims were being made, Station SWIT would come on the air deriding the lie and driving the *Gestapo* almost to insanity.

Probably the Nazis never will succeed in silencing this still, small voice of free- dom, speaking from the very heart of the prison camp which Poland itself has become.

Station SWIT is too clever for them.

It broadcasts—and vanishes!

They ought to rechristen it Station SWIFT.

PATRICK SPENCER.

OPEN LETTERS

The Rt. Hon. Viscount SIMON
Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—The legal system is in a tangle. You, your judges, barristers and solicitors are not responsible. The flood of war time legislation, hurriedly drawn up to meet the contingencies of war, threatens at times to submerge the whole judicial machine.

For that you cannot be blamed. War's demands take precedence over even the fundamentals of English justice, as witness Regulation 18B, which flouts the centuries-old principle that no man or woman shall be imprisoned without trial.

But for the law's delays, and the painfully slow administration of justice, I suggest that you and your high office must be held partly responsible.

The Divorce Courts furnish the most glaring examples of this delay. The Bar Council, which meets next week, has drawn up a plan to expedite the hearing of those unhappy petitions, which at present can be heard only in London.

The Council suggests that increased facilities should be provided in the provinces for both defended and undefended causes, and that additional judges, who should go on circuit solely to hear such petitions, should be appointed.

There can be no excuse for not adopting this plan. Magna Carta lays down that neither justice nor right shall be deferred to any man.

The litigant is more important than the law; and the law must consider first the rights of citizens, and not the tastes or whims of judges or counsel.

This is an urgent matter. Please treat it with urgency.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Simon has kept too many judge's wigs on the shelf.

Dr. R. W. MOORE,
Headmaster of Harrow

DEAR SIR,—On the subject of youth you must be regarded as an authority.

This despite your own comparative youth—you are only thirty-seven—and despite the fact that your years have been spent in gaining academic distinction and in teaching at public schools.

More than 1,000 schoolboys and schoolgirls between the ages of fifteen and nineteen heard from you at the recent Congress of Youth in London some advice on life and living in post-war years.

"Do not be too hasty to assume responsibility," you told them. . . . "Be realist in your outlook. Have ideals, but do not let them carry you into sentimentalism, which was such an obstacle to us between the wars. Lastly, set your Christian faith in the forefront of all your thinking."

I am not an authority on youth. Nor am I an educationist—whatever that ugly word may mean.

But the future of youth, its thoughts, its outlook, its endeavour, and its ideals are very dear to me. For that reason I am glad that you have stressed the importance of Faith in tackling the problems to come.

Yet I would have welcomed some reference to the importance of Service. Youth *must* be taught to appreciate what harm selfishness among men and nations has created in the past; and guided to avoid those pitfalls which lead to war and destruction.

The boys of your school are to-day the favoured few.

Tradition, breeding, the burdens of industrial wealth and power, are, in the main, their heritage. *They* are the men of the future who must serve if they are to survive.

Here is the true lesson all must learn, and one I hope you will drive home with all the power of your mind and tongue. —JOHN BULL.

Major P. H. NEWMAN, R.A.M.C.

DEAR MAJOR,—No proposal of recent times has pleased me more than your suggestion that there should be a Prisoners of War Club in every town of more than 100,000 people.

The value of such clubs, you urge, is that ex-prisoners would be able to forgather and obtain advice and help in their particular difficulties.

Your plan also includes a rehabilitation centre for Britain, where consultant psychologists and a trained staff would help to restore to normal men whose experiences and sufferings had left them ill-equipped to take up the threads of civilian life.

Such a scheme, if put into operation, would cost little. It might achieve a great deal. Certainly it would go towards meeting a debt which we as a nation can never fully repay.

Too many human wrecks were left to flounder after the last war. The "heroes" were soon submerged and their claims unheeded. They just drifted, wondering bitterly at the ingratitude of a great and victorious nation.

If in the years to come we are able to remove the causes of such bitterness, we shall have worked a worth-while transformation.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. FRANCIS LEONARD HARDEN,
Ship's Surgeon

DEAR DOCTOR,—Centuries ago a wise man named Bacon wrote "Men of age . . . adventure too little." In Britain to-day many men are proving the essayist wrong. You are one of them.

At the age of seventy, you had the tell-tale wrinkles removed from your cheeks by a face lifting operation and "wangled" a post as ship's surgeon.

When British assault troops stormed the Sicilian beaches you broke regulations, went ashore with the boys, set up a dressing-station, and did what you could to help.

You are now seventy-three, and you're proud of the fact that the "boys" call you "Senior Good Companion of the Eighth." That's an honour worth having, better than any ribbon or shining medal.

But the real honour lies in your valiant youth, in the courage of your years, and in the honour you bring to Britain. Here's a Salute to Adventurers.—JOHN BULL.

Lieutenant-General EAKER,
Commanding U.S. Eighth Air Force

DEAR GENERAL,—Behind the story of the magnificent achievements of your Command in the air assault on Hitler's roofless fortress, there is, I know, a heartbreaking record of setbacks and disappointments which at one time threatened to wreck your hopes of bombing the daylight out of Germany.

Because of the demands of other theatres of war, mainly the Pacific and the Mediterranean, hoped for reinforcements did not arrive to schedule. Your pilots carried on. Wastage did not deter you.

The transformation in your fortunes was one of the "miracles" of war. To-day, operating from scores of huge aerodromes in Britain, your Forts, Liberators, Marauders, Lightnings and Thunderbolts are darkening the daylight skies across the Channel.

On some days you send as many as 1,500 war 'planes into the attack.

Your day precision bombing has so smashed at Hitler's war machine that German fighter aircraft production has been cut by nearly 40 per cent. The 0.5 guns of your 'planes have shot down 4,100 Hun fighters in the past twelve months.

And you're only beginning. The message your force carries to the Germans is one of ever-growing menace to the bomb-drunk cities of the Reich.

Your pilots and the pilots of the R.A.F. are not only comrades-in-arms; they are comrades in retribution.

Soon I hope they will see the fruits of their round-the-clock bombing translated into terms of solid and lasting victory.—JOHN BULL.

The Money-for-Nothing Mystery

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

OF all economic paradoxes the one which bewilders me is that the greater the wastage of war, the more, on paper, does the wealth of the nation grow.

The reason is not an economic one—it is a human one, and it springs from greed and love of easy money.

★ ★ ★

In three and a half years stocks and shares quoted on the London Stock Exchange have increased in market value from £16,250 millions to £23,500 millions—an appreciation of 44 per cent.

And it seems that these spectacular jumps in prices are not ended. Speculators, hoping to see the curb on profits removed after the war, and confident of victory this year, are gambling on an ever-growing scale.

The money they make is free of tax. They have neither toiled nor spun. They are merely exploiting a financial system which has no more right to exist in an enlightened State than a criminal lunatic has to be at large.

Because a number of get-rich-quick gentry decide that a certain share is a good speculation the value of that share goes up. The fact that the shares may change hands a thousand times doesn't make a scrap of difference to the firm concerned.

Rise in share values doesn't produce any more goods. It doesn't affect the men and women who make the goods, or the executives whose brains plan and control production.

These, the real producers, are powerless to prevent artificial increases in the market value of their firm; they cannot prevent the gamblers from taking money for nothing.

★ ★ ★

Government after Government has, in generations past, permitted this incredible state of affairs to continue.

Who to-day can maintain that the £7,000 million rise in values on the Stock Exchange is anything but stupid artificiality? That rise has no solid economic backing. In times of industrial adversity the mythical millions could be wiped out in a week or two.

And if anyone can explain to me exactly where they vanish in such circumstances, I should be glad to know.

Does the plant depreciate in value? Is the earning capacity of a skilled worker lessened? Has the country lost all those millions which the non-industrial expert of the Stock Exchange says it once had?

Does the man who buys and sells shares think in terms of work, of families whose bread depends on that work, of the products which are the result of that work? Is there any civic sense or social value in this anti-social method of making money?

★ ★ ★

These are questions which only the speculators are able to answer. I suggest that the answer to them all should be "No." But then, I have never fathomed the mysteries attached to this and I doubt whether the Stock Exchange has either.

The Treasury has introduced the Pay-as-You-Earn method of income tax payment—a step once declared almost impossible. It should not be beyond the Treasury experts to devise a method of taking from the City gamblers *all* their profits, once brokerage dues have been paid.

A THOUSAND MILES TO FREEDOM—5

One Hour I'll Never Forget

By GUARDSMAN A.A.

Guardsman A.A. escaped from the Germans after the fall of Belgium, endured appalling hardships, was saved from death by a Frenchwoman and went on a secret mission to Paris, where he learned of the Gestapo tortures. Eventually he reached the coast at Le Havre, to be mistaken for a spy by a cafe proprietor

HE looked at me suspiciously. "I thought you were a Belgian, or a Boche, or something, with that accent. But now I come to think of it . . . take your money back! You are going to eat a bit of dinner with me."

Over a plate of stew he told me that I hadn't a chance of getting out through Le Havre. The Nazis were watching every inch of that coast, like cats. It simply couldn't be done.

Then he swore at the top of his voice again. He was a wild, tough man, who when excited cared for nothing and nobody.

"Listen," he said, "are you strong? You must be. Well, I happen to know that someone is delivering a big load of coke to a place very near a wharf.

"If you can stand it, you could hide under that coke, and then maybe, God knows how, make a getaway. But you'll never get anywhere near the beach, just now, otherwise.

Ten-Mile Swim!

"Are you strong enough? Are you a good swimmer? Perhaps you could swim out five or ten miles, and trust to being picked up. It's one chance in a hundred thousand, but . . ."

I told him I was a good swimmer; but ten miles! All the same, I'd try it.

That evening I lay down in a coal van and let myself be buried under a load of coke. I nearly suffocated on the way. It was only a short ride.

The truck backed and jolted to a stop. The coke was tearing the skin of my hands and face to pieces. I felt the truck tilt.

They had forgotten to get me out! No, that wasn't possible. Obviously, someone was attending on guard; they didn't dare to bring me to light.

I was falling! I fell 10 ft. on to a pile of coke, with the truck load tumbling over me, covering me. I became senseless then: but not for long. Pain brought me to.

A sentry was standing twenty yards away. As the coke rattled, he looked round. But coke heaps make strange noises, what with lumps being disturbed and falling down. A rat may cause a little avalanche in a coke heap.

Enter the R.A.F.

I was covered with blood, stiff in every joint, and weak as a child. I suppose it was because I hadn't had a very good time in the past few weeks.

I had a kind of wishful dream . . . of the Navy battering into Le Havre and rescuing me. I imagined the bang of the great guns. . . .

And then I really did hear a gun go off. I sat up. It was a Nazi anti-aircraft gun.

More guns banged. I heard the heavy sobbing noise of Nazi fighter 'planes climbing. Over and above that noise the wonderful steady powerful note of English raiders. They seemed to sing like great birds in the clean sky.

The noise of raid warnings rose. The night became alive. The long strong hum of our R.A.F. came nearer, louder. It was screaming now, as it came into battle. There was a rattle of machine-gun fire. Then the first of the bomb explosions.

It landed a long way away, that first bomb; but the concussion shook the coke heap.

Something went down like a falling star and then flashed into flame. In the light of its own burning I could see a black cross on a wing. "Give it to 'em!" I yelled. "Good lads! Give it to 'em!"

Then the rain of bombs began to fall.

I was crazy. I never thought of cover. Buildings burst into flames along the port. I saw a warehouse fold like cardboard and blaze up like mad; it had contained oil. It lit the town.

There was a rush of wind. In that split second I recovered a little of my reason and threw myself flat. Or perhaps it was the instinct of the front line soldier.

And He Wept

There was a crash so long that I felt rather than heard it. The blast of that bomb picked me up like a straw and threw me away. I landed among coke and rubble ten yards back.

A hundred yards in front of me a giant warehouse was burning. The air was thick with smoke.

That was the second time I wept—with joy—to see that England was undaunted. I cried in the firelight. If I live for ever I shall never forget that little hour on the wharves of Le Havre, when our vengeance came down like thunderbolts out of heaven.

I went to a first-aid station and had my numerous but slight wounds dressed.

Swim out ten miles! I could not have swum a yard. The R.A.F. had put a stop to my wild plan. God bless them for it! They gave the Nazis a taste of English steel and fire that night!

I saw how it would be worse than useless to attempt to slip out that door.

I left Le Havre and pushed inland.

I am telling you frankly that if it had not been for the assistance of good people from time to time I should have died, or been captured. There are good souls everywhere. The occupation of France brought out a great deal of new love and new hate in the French.

Precious Gift

For instance: thirty miles from Le Havre I stopped to rest at a farmhouse. The farmer was old. He was cautious: anxious to keep the little he had worked for so hard all his life.

I was too tired and ill to walk much more. I told him plainly: "I am English. I must get back to my country. Help me."

He thought for a little while; then said:

"Perhaps, if you can get over the demarcation line into Unoccupied France you might get yourself sent home by the English consul."

He talked in whispers with his wife. She nodded. He went into a shed and returned with a bicycle—a very old, paintless, battered bicycle, but a serviceable one.

"Take this," he said.

"You had better have these, too," said the old woman, and gave me an old coat and a pair of trousers.

"Oh, what the devil," said the farmer growling. "Since we are giving you the house and home, take this, too."

He dragged out of his pocket a very dirty hundred-franc note and some small change.

"Go, before she gives you the cow and the barn. When you come back with the English Army you can pay me back."

They seemed to sing like birds in the clear sky over Le Havre

If you measure a direct line from Le Havre to the demarcation line between Occupied and Unoccupied France you will find that you have two hundred miles to cover. But that is as the crow flies.

Try walking and cycling from Le Havre to Vierzon: you'll need to prepare for a four-hundred-mile journey, allowing for the twists and turns of the countryside, and the strange roads and rivers.

I travelled something like six hundred or seven hundred miles before I reached Vierzon.

I met a middle-aged Breton, an ex-sailor, who had gone into hiding in the country—gone wild, like a stray cat. He lived by poaching and stealing. He wouldn't live under the Nazis and despised all who did. I asked him what he proposed to do.

He said: "How do I know? I shall live if I can. I shall do all I can to annoy the Boches. I can't last long. Sooner or later I shall be caught. Then, *pst!*"

He ran a finger round his throat.

"But look out for yourself, *mon cher*. The whole country is lousy with Nazi narks. People are getting so they'll sell their souls for a few days' peace and quiet.

"What's your alibi? You're a North French refugee. Now do you know what I'd do if I were you? Put your tongue flat . . . like this . . . and talk as if there was something wrong with your mouth, a cleft palate or something. Because that accent of yours will give you away to the first intelligent Nazi you come across who thinks of questioning you. Remember that."

I did. Thereafter I spoke with an awful, half-witted slobber and a lisp. It is only too easy to imitate a deformity of the mouth in speaking.

My old bicycle stood up nobly under the strain. The tyres gave out. I had to get some more. There is a cycle shop in a certain village in which I spent half an hour begging, explaining that I had a mother in Vierzon whom I had to go to help. Could I have a pair of second-hand tyres for twenty francs?

Jewish Doctor

The shopkeeper shook his head: I couldn't have a quarter of a pair of tyres for twenty francs. I pleaded. He still shook his head.

I was about to go away when a voice said: "Give him tyres." A Nazi medical officer was standing behind me.

He looked like a Jew; the Nazi casualties were terribly heavy, and, having imprisoned or kicked out most of their doctors, they found themselves short-handed on the medical staff. Some Jewish doctors were forced into the Nazi army.

This one said, "Give him tyres." The shopkeeper gave me a brand new pair.

I thanked the doctor. He looked at me very keenly, thrust out a hand, opened my mouth, and looked at my throat and tongue. Then he stared at me again. I could see that he knew I was shamming.

I prepared to smash him down and make a dash for it. But he jerked a thumb over his shoulder and said: "Go away."

I climbed on to the bicycle and pedalled madly down the road. Several kilometres away I changed my tyres and rode along more comfortably.

There came one awful day when, not having eaten for seventy-two hours, and being too weak to go any farther, I parted with my precious bicycle. It wasn't much to look at, but it had been a good friend to me.

Bread and Cabbage

I got eighty francs for it; bought some bread and a raw cabbage, which I ate in great gulps; then walked on.

I got to the River Cher, which was part of the demarcation line. My boots had been worn away to crumbs weeks before. I had got myself a pair of string-soled slippers, but these also had gone.

Unoccupied France was a kind of concentration camp. You went in there officially, or not at all; and you didn't get out as and when you wanted to.

The river was a frontier. It was patrolled by Nazi soldiers, day and night.

I went to the station and was pushed into a waiting-room. There, with a crowd of other wretched people, I waited for eleven hours. The day passed. The night came.

At last an officer came. I explained to him, in my pitiful accent, that I had come all the way from Lille to see my mother in Vichy.

He scowled at me. My heart jumped like a rabbit in a sack. Then he said: "You can't cross."

A sort of hopelessness came over me. I yelled: "But what am I to do? Where am I to go?"

His reply astonished and horrified me. He wrote something on a slip of paper. "Here," he said, "is a railway warrant. Go back to Lille."

Like a stunned sheep I stumbled into a stinking compartment in a jolting train; penniless and without food. I was taken hundreds of miles north again and dumped back in the sad, conquered town of Lille—the place I had struggled away from so long before, at such terrible expense of sweat and blood.

The wonder of it is that I did not go mad.

Next Week: AND THEY JUST WALKED OUT!

Hitler's marble hall at the Chancellery—before the British came

The Battle of

IF to-day we turn the spot-light on the Battle of Berlin it is not because vast happenings are lacking elsewhere. At sea, on land, in the air all goes well. All speak the one word, "Victory."

East, west, south, and now even north, the dams are giving and the breakers are rolling in upon the doomed enemy. Defeat in every shape and on every plane is upon them.

The sinking of the *Scharnhorst* ends one phase of the war. The defeat of the U-boat ends another. We hold the sea undisputed. We hold the sky almost undisputed. On land the majestic tide of Russia rolls on unfalteringly, inexorably, to its goal. And west and south the enemy await a tornado such as Europe has never experienced.

BUT EVEN IN THE MIDST OF THIS SWIRL OF MIGHTY EVENTS THE BATTLE OF BERLIN MAY WELL PROVE TO BE THE MOST DEADLY SINGLE STROKE OF THE WAR.

It is a stroke at the nerve centre of the enemy. It is a stroke at the heart of Prussia. From Berlin radiates the military power of Germany; its intellectual leadership, its moral stimulus.

* * *

In order to realise all that the Battle of Berlin means it is necessary to recall what was at the back of Hitler's mind when he decided on "totalitarian" war.

Totalitarian war means war without limits, war in defiance of all the accepted laws of war. It was not to be restricted as in the past to the conflict of rival armies on the battlefield.

It was to be waged against whole nations. Civil populations, defenceless cities, women and children, hospitals, the crowds in the street, in the schools, in the theatre, in the churches—all were to be attacked as ruthlessly as the organised armies in the field.

The main purpose was no longer to win battles, but to spread such desolation among peoples that in sheer terror they compelled their Governments to surrender.

Total war in this sense was made practicable by the conquest of the air. At a stroke it had made trench war obsolete. It was only at the battle of Mukden in 1904 that trench war had definitely superseded the war of movement.

And now trench war itself was out of date. The aeroplane had restored the war of movement.

And it had done something more. It had made war on the non-belligerent populations behind the front possible. The one protection against this dreadful extension of the savageries of war was that it invited retaliation in kind. It was a game at which both sides could play.

Why in these circumstances did Hitler decide to play it?

* * *

He decided to play it because he had insured and reinsured against retaliation. He had built up such an overwhelming supremacy in the air that he could attack without the risk of being attacked.

He could wipe out the enemy cities and bring the enemy to his knees before the power of retaliation could be organised.

Total war would give him victory without a shot being fired on German soil. Germany was immune. Germany was invulnerable.

It was this conviction of the invulnerability of Germany that sowed the seed of "total war" in Hitler's mind. He could risk it: no one else could.

"*Your people seem to under-estimate the significance of this legend,*" said a Swedish politician, who has studied Germany closely, to Mr. Harold Nicolson. "*But at the back of every German's mind has been the belief that war for Germany is a profitable thing, since, while owing to their efficiency they are able to invade and despoil the territories of their neighbours, their own country, their fields and factories, remain untouched.*"

The legend of invulnerability is dead. It is buried deep in the rubble and ruin of scores of German cities from Hamburg to Nuremberg. It is being buried deepest of all in the wreckage that was once Berlin.

* * *

It is not the only legend that has gone. As the Swede already quoted remarked, the legend of Hitler's invincibility perished at Stalingrad, and the legend of the U-boat perished at El Alamein.

At El Alamein? you ask with reasonable surprise. Yes, El Alamein.

Until then the German people had been assured, and believed, that however enormous might be the productive capacity of their Western enemies, only a mere trickle of guns and munitions would be able to reach the fighting front.

"The great barrage of Alamein blew that legend into fragments. They learned at Alamein that the incomparable resources of the Western factories could be transported across half the world. That was a most alarming lesson."

There are other legends that have gone—legends about Russia, America, the British Empire, the invincibility of the German army.

* * *

But the destruction of none of them is so potent as that which is culminating in the levelling of Berlin to the ground. More than a hundred years ago, in his astonishing prediction of this war, Heine said that "nothing would ever destroy the German's fierce lust of battle."

Perhaps not. But if any cure is possible it is the discovery that Germany is no longer immune to the terrors and ravages of war.

Gone is the dream that by stealthy cunning and a sudden spring all the evils of war can be shifted to the enemy; that his cities can be destroyed, his peaceful citizens massacred, his sacred places defiled, while not a stone is moved or a drop of blood spilled on Germany's sacred soil.

What the Atlantic Wall Re

JUST what obstacles, what defences, what fortifications, will Allied soldiers face when they reach out across the English Channel to open the Western Front?

What, exactly, is the much-vaunted but undefined Atlantic Wall in which Hitler has such great faith?

★ ★ ★

From German and other sources, from a careful analysis of all available reports, I have formed a picture of the whole network of defences that surrounds Hitler-held Europe and is strongest where the distance to the shores of Britain is shortest.

The defence system was devised by Hitler's Director of Fortifications, General of Pioneers Jacob, who was told that his wall must make up for the lack of men behind it.

Roads and railways, specially made to bring up reserves from focal points—which are mostly about 40 miles inland—are therefore prominent features.

On rails, too, the biggest German artillery, hardly sufficient in numbers to cover the whole vast coastline, can be rapidly transported from place to place.

The mobility of the heaviest artillery is also designed to prevent Allied aircraft from spotting locations and bombing emplacements to bits.

Nazi mine production held a high priority; and the seas are as closely covered with them as the soil of Africa and Italy across which Allied troops had to advance.

Where the sea level changes with every tide there is simply a ring of old-fashioned barbed wire-entanglements with key-points built of reinforced concrete.

★ ★ ★

But wherever a landing could be achieved the Atlantic Wall proper—big concrete blocks reinforced by armour plating—rises to the height of a six-storey building with only occasional steep stairs leading to the dunes.

The few windows are spiked with guns. A Maginot Line on the surface!

But do not be over-impressed by Nazi pictures, which show these fortifications where they are most massive. They do not cover more than a small the coastline.

★ ★

Between the mammoth steel and concrete, Allied find a well-organised de consisting of tank tra placements, machine-gu block-houses that are of to look like ordinary bui

True, these defences carefully and scientifica to take an invading f withering cross-fire. Bu fire from similar prepar has often already been Russia, in Africa and in

More unusual and no the Germans call "Flak

These are strange-look topped by big platforms man gunners can reach high flight of spiral sta

They are both obser and A.A. defences wi gun turrets.

For some 40 miles inla more tank ditches, more more concrete and steel all shapes and forms.

# of Berlin

By A. G. GARDINER

That dream held until now. It held even in the last war. Then, France and Belgium were devastated, but not a gun was fired in German territory.

Yes, war was good business, win or lose. If you won, you won everything. If you lost, the enemy bore the stripes and you bilked the bill and waited for the next chance to spring.

* * *

In visiting on Germany the horrors she has inflicted so often on others we are speaking the only language she understands or respects. It is a language we hate, but it is the language to which the barbarians will give heed.

Total war is the reply to total war. It is the only reply that will drive that hideous doctrine out of the soul of the people who conceived it.

Revenge is not the motive, though if ever revenge were excusable it is now. Nearly all Europe has been laid waste and turned into a shambles by the enemy, and natural feeling might well demand that when the end comes the towers of Germany shall not alone stand erect over the desolation of a continent.

But revenge is not our motive. We are razing Berlin to the ground for two inflexible ends. We are razing it to the ground to teach Germany that war does not pay and that if she sows the wind she must reap the whirlwind.

And we are razing it to the ground as the swiftest means of shortening the havoc of the war, of shattering the morale of her people, and of crippling her power to burn and destroy still more of the cities of her victims.

It is Germany that decreed total war. It is Germany that has brought this retribution upon Berlin.

Really Means

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They look very impressive. But, experts will confirm, they show no striking new feature of defence.

Behind all these are a comparatively small number of troops, manning the outposts. The great mass of Nazi divisions destined for defensive fighting is stationed well in the rear—on key-points from which the biggest possible number of threatened landing places can be reached.

After many weeks of intensive Allied bombing of the invasion coast, fighter dromes have had to be moved even further back.

Summing up all the evidence in my hands, I have to pay respect to the thoroughness with which these defences have been prepared. But I cannot see that they present a special problem to Allied commanders who, obviously, have them well taped.

Air power, true to General Montgomery's prediction, will strike the initial blows of invasion.

These blows will include the destruction of much that hundreds of thousands of Nazi slaves have toiled upon for years.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Does Peace Depend On Us? Asks Swaffer

RICHARD LAW, son of a Prime Minister and himself now a Minister of State, made, in a broadcast to America, this strange remark, "Peace doesn't really depend on statesmen."

Doesn't it?

Surely the ultimate issues of Peace or War were vitally bound up with the decisions made at Versailles in 1919. If they proved to be a failure, another war was inevitable.

Yet who else but statesmen had anything to do with it?

Woodrow Wilson so mucked it up that he failed to get backing at home. And, as war time President, he was almost an autocrat.

Stupid Statesmen

Clémenceau, determined to punish Germany, was boss of France.

Orlando, of Italy, didn't matter much.

Lloyd George, our chief delegate, had just been elected in a "Hang the Kaiser" election.

Not once were the people of Britain, France, Italy, or America consulted on any of the details of how Peace was to be planned.

It was Hindenburg and not the people of Germany who gave Hitler power. Hitler did not consult the electorate before he moved into the Rhineland, before his invasion of Austria, and Czechoslovakia—or even before he made war on Poland.

Surely it is the so-called "statesmen" who, to-day, are responsible for whatever trouble there is between the Allies—the stupid "diplomats" who backed Peyrouton, now under arrest; the French leaders who quarrelled with the Lebanese; and the cliques which, surrounding George of Greece and Peter of Yugoslavia in nice hotels in Cairo, find fault with the people who, at home, turned themselves into guerilla bands.

"We should trust one another," Richard Law told the Americans. "We, the ordinary citizens of the United Nations, should understand one another. We've got to work together as partners to get a decent world."

Yes, I know. That has been said at brotherhood meetings and at Rotary Club gatherings for years.

Not Consulted

But, frankly, when did the "ordinary citizens" ever want war?

Do you really think that the German workers got red in the face over Danzig or the Polish Corridor?

Was the average Japanese excited over conquering Manchuria?

Far from yearning to go to fight in Abyssinia, nearly every Italian, I am sure, wanted to sit in his garden and watch his vines grow.

It was the statesmen—in Tokyo, in Berlin, and in Rome—who planned the war. They consulted nobody but one another.

Then, before Sir John Simon took Japan's side at Geneva, did he consult even his constituents?

Before, at the Disarmament Conference, he turned down Germany's demand for equality "in terms of rearmament or disarmament"—to this she was entitled under the League covenant—did he ask anyone, except Baldwin?

No, not that I have ever heard.

What statesman of any country fought a by-election on whether he should support, or reject, Haile Sélassié's moving appeal to the League of Nations when his country was threatened? The conscience of Europe was shocked—but the statesmen turned their backs in cold disdain.

Surely you remember, too, how the masses of the British workers felt horrified when Franco broke his military oath and attacked the Spanish Government.

Richard Law made a strange remark

All Over Again

But the "statesmen"—Chamberlain and Co., I mean—allowed British ships to be fired on in the harbours of Spain without doing more than ask, "How do you know they knew it was a British vessel?"

Artlessness of the Richard Law type frightens me. Is this the sort of mentality with which we are to approach, when Peace comes, the problems of a devastated world?

There seems to be one Law for the Richard . . .

"We've got to forget all this silly nonsense about 'outsmarting' each other," he went on, adding that the British and the American troops did not do it on the Salerno beaches.

But, unfortunately, the "outsmarting" is going on, whether you forget it or not.

No plans have yet been made about post-war markets. Instead, the heads of Big Business, both here and in America, are working out "outsmarting" plans, however much the soldiers, the sailors and the airmen of the two countries may be bound in comradeship.

And so it must be while the majority of the men in our Government continue to advocate that free competition and that private enterprise in which "outsmarting" is so much applauded.

Surely Richard Law must know that, while British and American soldiers are dying side by side on Italian soil, and for the same cause, a situation which might easily develop into another war is being created by so-called statesmen right across America.

Isolationist leaders are making the extraordinary complaint that no fewer than 73 per cent. of the Forces who will take part in the Second Front are American, and that only 27 per cent. are British. So the old anti-British poison spreads.

Our statesmen have, almost ever since the war started, failed to proclaim the truth about Britain's enormous share in the united war effort. It is not the fault of the common people; our "propaganda" has failed.

Namby-Pamby

All that the people of America knew was what they read in the papers about it.

What Russians, and how many Poles, will be consulted over the Russo-Polish border?

And when, do you think, will the people of this country be asked on what terms we shall resettle our Asiatic possessions, or given a chance to decide the extent to which the owners of the tin-mines and the oilfields will be allowed, once again, to exploit the natives?

Will the electorate ever be given an opportunity to fix the share this country is to have in their possessions, since it will be our Armed Forces, and not the capitalists, that must win them back again for their owners?

"Statesmen," political friends of Tin and Oil and Rubber, will do that.

For years we have been told that "if the peoples of the world only got together" they would solve their own problems.

Then pleasure cruises started, cheap excursions became general, and workers began to travel half over Europe and through the Baltic and the Mediterranean, meeting one another.

Wireless, too, made it possible for different countries to communicate their ideas in a flash.

Yet, to our surprise, instead of this bringing about Peace, we soon became plunged into the worst war that history had ever known.

The plain truth is that all this namby-pamby talk is just a lot of bunk.

One of the gravest problems of to-morrow has not yet been settled by anybody.

It is that while millions of enslaved people right across Europe are ready for a new kind of social order, their former rulers, exiled on safe soil, are planning a return to their old privileges and caste systems, and that the Foreign Office is apparently taking the wrong side.

Helpless People

Now what can the people do about this? Richard Law must know that they can do nothing. As there is a political truce, public opinion is blanketed.

Indeed, the statesmen have all the power. And these statesmen, so far as one can tell from their public speeches, have no post-war plans that are worthy of consideration. And it is upon those post-war plans that everything depends.

No, it is not the people who must understand one another. It is the statesmen who must understand themselves!

The Girl Said "No"—

He had thermometers and electric heaters, and things to spray it with, and a microscope to look at it with

MISS SOPER, the schoolteacher, peeped in through Mrs. Fluke's door as she entered No. 9, Orsetto Road, and, seeing her seated before the glowing gas-fire, handed her the evening paper. "I see the Russians are doing well again," she said.

Mrs. Fluke nodded. "Nothing those Russians do would surprise me," she replied. "Makes me think of that Mr. Radchenko I had staying with me before the war."

"We've got three little Russian boys at school," Miss Soper added. "I shall never forget the first time they went swimming with the class. The youngest one jumped in the deep end and he was half-drowned when we got him out. He said he wanted to see if he could swim or not."

Mrs. Fluke clicked her teeth. "Fancy! But I always said that anyone who can tell what one of these Russians is going to do next should be telling fortunes for a living!"

That Mr. Radchenko! (Mrs. Fluke said). Well, I don't even now know what to make of him. A good-looking young chap—be about twenty-four, I suppose. A mop of hair and black eyes. And his laugh—why, bless you!—you could hear it down the street. And such queer things set him off.

One minute laughing, the next telling you something sad. Seems he was a scientist—research into yeast and mould cultures, so he allowed.

HE had a pot of yeast with electrical gadgets in his bedroom all the time he was with me, and from the way he fussed over it you'd 'a thought it was an only child.

Well, he started off the very first night he spent in my house. Now at that time I had a girl called Frances Sibley staying with me. Her hair was so blonde it was a real picture.

One of the nicest girls I've ever had here, with some sense, too—which most girls haven't. Being a picture, so to speak, was Frances's job, really.

She earned a lot of money having her photograph taken as a model for gowns and the like, and, of course, every young man who got close enough to have a good look at her would be telephoning trying to take her out.

When this Mr. Radchenko caught sight of her in my room here he looked as if he didn't believe it. Then he moved closer. "But, it is magnificent!" he said. "Your daughter—she ees beautiful!"

My daughter, mind you!

Now, Frances was a sensible girl. She would never have anything to do with the young men (and the old ones) who rang her up. And she would never go out to work at these film studios although they were pressing her all the time.

She had a young man training to be a doctor, and they were going to get married when he was qualified and his father had bought him a practice. A steady young fellow from the same village as Frances.

Well, before I knew what was happening, this Mr. Radchenko was sitting next to her on my sofa telling her all about his laboratory in Russia and the pot of yeast. He'd forgotten all about me and everyone else, it seems.

I must say they looked a strange pair—his eyes black as coal, and she with her lovely colouring, bewildered and wondering what it was all about. Frances was a girl who liked to take one thing at a time and think all round it.

I left them for ten minutes to run down into the kitchen, and when I came back Mr. Radchenko was still talking. Quite worked up, he was.

"First I must succeed in my work," he was telling her. "That I have already done. Of yeast I know much—very much! Soon I shall know everything. Then I must marry and have many children. You shall be my wife! You are healthy. We shall be very happy."

Miss Sibley jumped up as if she'd been shot from behind. "I—I thought you were telling me about your yeast," she managed. "Really, I——"

"Miss Sibley," I explained to him, "is engaged to be married to a young doctor in her own village."

That Russian opened his mouth and laughed—the first time I heard his laugh. He had strong white teeth—looked as if he could crack a hambone with them. "Engaged iss no good!" he said. "Doctor iss no good! She will marry me and come back to Russia."

The way he looked I half expected him to pick her up and run off with her on the spot—and Miss Sibley noticed it, too. She moved closer to me. "Now, Mr. Radchenko," I told him. "This is all nonsense. You've only known the lady ten minutes, and we can't have goings on like this."

It was a silly thing to say, for I could see—and so could the girl—that this wasn't nonsense. If anyone meant anything this Mr. Radchenko meant what he said. His eyes were flashing all over the place.

"*Nonsense*! Iss *you* talk nonsense! You do not understand. I love her and she will marry me."

"What about her fiancé?"

"If he makes a fuss I shoot him. I kill him."

"You can't do that sort of thing in England."

"I kill him first; then, if they object, I kill myself. I kill girl, too."

Now, of course, that was childish, and I got him out of the room, but if you saw the way he talked and looked you would have been scared like Frances was.

As it happened, she didn't see him for two days after that. Mr. Radchenko seemed to have forgotten the incident. He was bound up in his pot of yeast.

He had thermometers and electric heaters, and things to spray it with, and a microscope to look at it with. And if anyone touched the pot, how he went on! I tell you straight I think he really loved that pot of yeast, smell and all.

Well, the second night he came to me and said: "You must tell me where she is!"

He looked so fierce I thought he meant the pot—for he called his yeast "she."

But he went on: "I look in her bedroom; I look in the bathroom; I look everywhere. Where is she?"

At that moment Frances let herself in at the front door with her key and he rushed out into the hall. "Ah—you are beautiful! To-night I take you for a walk!"

The rush startled Frances, but she shook her head. "I'm sorry," she said, and moved on to the stairs.

"In three minutes I fetch you," he said, and ran off to his room—probably to say good-bye to his yeast.

"Crazy!" Frances said with a laugh.

"You're not going, of course?"

"Of course not!"

But there was something wrong about that laugh, and I wasn't surprised to find out later that she went for that walk.

"I'M scared of him," she told me. "I really believe he'll shoot John if he sees him. You shouldn't have told him we were engaged, as if it were really . . . well, quite settled and all that."

"I mentioned the matter," I said, "to let him know——"

"I wish you'd never mentioned John at all. Suppose he turns up here one day and that crazy lunatic starts shooting. I know he's got a revolver. He showed it to me."

"So you've been up in his room?"

"He took me up last night." She fixed me angrily. "I know what you're thinking! Well, he never even tried to kiss me! He wanted to show me his yeast." She slammed the door and ran up to her room.

I must say that Mr. Radchenko had it bad. Something in the way he looked at her . . . well, perhaps when you get middle-aged like me you get sentimental, but I liked the way he looked at her. Wish someone could have looked at me like that.

"You're seeing a lot of him," I said to Frances.

"Not much choice," she says. "He walks into my bedroom if I don't keep the door locked. Besides, I like him."

"Has he tried to kiss you yet, dear?"

She didn't mind the question. I got to be very fond of that girl. Like a mother to her, I was. She shook her head. "He just talks. Mostly about his yeast."

"Doesn't he tell you how much he loves you?"

"Now and then he mentions it. But," she said with that same little laugh, "what he really cares about is his yeast."

As it happened her other young man telephoned that evening from Luton. "Who is this Russian?" he asks.

WELL, it wasn't my business, but I believe in everyone having a fair chance, so I told him what the position was. "If she's found an interesting fellow to go about with," he said, "why should I mind? I've known her ever since we were kids together.

It seemed a bit tame to me, but when he turned up how that girl went on at me! Regular upset, she was. She tried to get him out of the house before Mr. Radchenko got home, but he walked into my sitting-room here and Frances had to introduce him. "This is—my fiancé," she said. "John, this is Igor."

It didn't seem to interest Mr. Radchenko much. "Iss doctor?" he inquired.

She inclined her head nervously. "And now, John and I——"

"Iss one I shoot?"

"Now, Igor, that nonsense——"

"Oh, I doan shoot him now. Later! If he make trouble, perhaps. You make trouble?"

"I—I don't know what you're talking about."

"If you make trouble I shoot you."

You Can Leave Me Out of the News

THERE was once a man named Smith. He lived in Dorset in 1815. At least, I should think so.

There was always a man named Smith. In Dorset and other places. In 1815 and at other times. There is still a man named Smith. Men. Millions of them.

You never hear anything about them. They never get into the news. They are nobodies.

* * *

What Smith did in Dorset in 1815 I can't tell you. I don't know. There isn't anybody anywhere who does know. We can only guess.

He grew cabbages and got married and had too much cider at Christmas. He used to argue with his neighbours and didn't know what the world was coming to. He never had enough money.

It isn't hard to guess. But we don't really know.

Whereas with Napoleon, in 1815, we *do* know. Dates in the diary and everything. Even the shape of his nose.

Napoleon was front-page news.

But. . . .

When you look at all that Napoleon did; the comings and goings, the stampings and shoutings, the speeches and the orders, the ranting and raving and bellowing, the threats and the promises—and what he's got out of it to-day. . . .

When you look at all that Smith did at the same time—and what he's got out of it to-day.

Well, it does rather make you laugh, as Jack Warner used to say.

Nobody takes the slightest bit of notice of Smith to-day.

A page or two in a history book doesn't seem to me to be worth it.

History will have a good bit to say about Hitler. But just *what* Hitler will never know.

Some people sneer at the Smiths of this world. But if only Napoleon had been a Smith. If only Hitler had. . . .

* * *

Give me cabbages and give me cider and a good long jaw over the back fence. You can leave me out of the news. News is a nuisance.

A world full of nothing but Smiths wouldn't be a bad old world.

But I must admit that all the Smiths I know would be Napoleons to-morrow if they got half the chance.

Really, I don't know what the world's coming to.

A. G.

Short Story
By B. L. Jacot

I'm not making trouble."
Then you go."
e picked up his hat and went. "You
him you marry me?" Mr. Radchenko
d.
I'm not going to marry you," Frances
half crying. "I'm going to marry
. *I'm going to marry John!*"
Not John. Iss no good. Me!"
Marry a man who thought more of
t of—yuh—yeast than he thought of
wife!"
I love you as much as I love my
t."
Oh, I think you're insufferable!"
nces said, and ran out of the room.
What does mean—'insufferable'?"
boy asked me.
looked at him for a moment. You
think a lot in a split second. "You'd
er go and ask her."
e hadn't gone long before the tele-
ne rang, and it was John speaking
a call-box at the tube station.
at fellow means business," he said.
's crazy!"
Look here," I told him. "How much
ou love Frances?"
She's an awfully nice girl," he said.
hat do you think I ought to do?"
I think you ought to go back to
n," I said. "If there was anything
for you to do you would have done
now."
ell, it was settled that night that
were to be married straight away.
next morning Mr. Radchenko tore
d like a maniac at the Embassy fix-
up some special arrangements.
hope I never have to go through a
riage like that again. He took her
to Russia.
ey flew back. The pot of yeast, too,
rally. They've got a kiddie, now.
godmother. "Yes," said Mrs.
e reflectively, "after that Mr. Rad-
ko there's nothing those Russians
d do would surprise me."

Human Machine

Fitting In

One of the lessons that we all take an unconscionable time to rn is the way to adapt ourselves to r surroundings and our associates. All the time, all day and every y, we need to learn how to adjust. e need to learn how to adjust our inds to the minds of others, how to shape and adjust our thoughts to w ideas—and even, not infre-ently, to old thoughts that we had scarded in a mistaken worship of e new for its own sake!

We need to examine anew what we d thought good, and what we had ought of little worth; to see anew ople we may have been mistaken out; to look afresh at ourselves d our doings.

And it is the same with the world out us. None of us can go on oughtlessly and gain any real tisfaction from life.

"The man who throws down his untlet in challenge to the uni-rse," wrote someone, "will find at he is no match for the silent rces which he does not under-nd, yet so foolishly defies.

"Obedience to the laws of his ing are no burden, but a great sistance to any wise man. . . . here are laws which obtain among n and in all nature, and the wise dividual will accommodate him-lf to them."

The wise man will, in fact, learn "fit in." Unless and until he does, s path will be but a rough one, no atter who tries to make it smooth!

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Big Fortunes in Small Cars

A NEW type of racketeer has arrived. Let me turn the limelight on him—and suggest quick Government action.

Big money is being made by dealers in second-hand cars—and they hope to earn even more when the war is over.

Many of them advertise good prices for laid-up low h.p. cars and beat their owners down by all kinds of subterfuges.

Post-War Gambles

Then they either sell them to people who are willing to pay exorbitant prices for trade or other purposes, or carefully repair them and garage them away until bigger prices can be fetched after the war.

For, after the war, new cars will be practically unobtainable for a long time. One motoring expert attached to a leading trade protection association told me the other day that probably a year or eighteen months will pass before even a small output will be available.

But what concerns me most is the increasing number of advertisers who have lately pretended to be acting as Government Agents in the buying up of second-hand cars.

These dealers use expressions which definitely suggest they are acting for Government Departments or firms of Government contractors, and some go so far as to say that "the need is urgent."

I can emphatically say that the need is NOT urgent where low h.p. cars are concerned. Moreover, the Ministry of War Transport, which controls all the buying up of motor vehicles for Government requirements, does not employ local agents to assist it in this work.

Actually, the Ministry acts direct with leading Trade agencies, and, saying how much it is willing to pay for this or that type of vehicle in so many fifties or hundreds at a time, allows the trade suppliers a reasonable profit.

I recently visited a large town in the South of England where many of these curious advertisements have appeared. The garages and salesrooms of some of the advertisers were crammed with good-class cars which the dealers showed no real inclination to sell other than at very high prices.

They are holding them as a gamble against post-war demands. Having money to speculate, they are buying them at the lowest prices their last owners would take and, maintaining them in good repair, are taking what they believe is a fairly safe risk in being able to demand colossal prices after the war when the demand outstrips the supply.

It will be a long time before the Maidstone road is so crowded again!

Spare Parts Ramp

Unfortunately there is no trade price control of second-hand cars. A dealer can pay what he likes and charge what he likes.

Some of these dealers even frighten clients into selling by suggesting that the Government may shortly requisition all cars!

Take warning from me—if the Government did, it would do it through the present scheme so successfully operating between the Ministry of War Transport and leading Trade agencies.

For some time a good deal of racketeering, too, has been going on in motor lorries and vans. One Trade federation official tells me that it has reached such dimensions that the Ministry of War Transport has already been asked to devise some means to stop it.

In one case a number of road vehicles valued on the stock sheets at £5,000 were sold for more than £27,000.

It has become quite common for vehicles to change hands at 125 and even 150 per cent. profit.

Then there is another type of dealer who, against Trade principles, takes deposits from people who want a brand new car after the war. He does so knowing full well that the output of new post-war vehicles will be at first practically negligible.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders deprecate the actions of dealers in this class, and have made it clear more than once that there can be no priority of delivery when the war ends nor for a long time afterwards.

To a small degree, but no less scandalous, is a recent racket in the sale of large cars not needed by the Government. For some reason certain dealers have been offering fabulous sums for luxury cars and getting them.

£2,600 was recently paid for a luxury model which, in 1939, cost £1,760. And it had been well used!

Many similar instances are to be found in the records of leading Trade protection organisations which, despite their keenness to do so, have received no official assistance in trying to stop the activities of these various grades of car profiteers.

Why, there is even a widespread racket in second-hand spare parts Certain firms and agents dealing in them are charging 200 and 300 per cent. profit because new parts are almost impossible to obtain.

So much so that some firms are refusing to supply spare parts unless the prospective purchaser gives numbers and registration details of the vehicles for which they are needed.

Clearly the Government must do something about it. And soon!

By a stroke of the pen it could deal a death blow to the dealers who are now buying up second-hand cars for post-war profiteering. That is to issue an official statement that until new cars are available for public sale second-hand prices will be controlled!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. E. Greenacre, Carisbrooke Road, Luton, Beds, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are invited on all matters likely to concern a ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Warning Against These Advertisements

BACKYARD poultry keepers, beware! Because poultry meal is rationed, a growing ramp has been worked for some months on very profitable terms by a gang of crooks about whom—I'm pleased to say—the police are now making inquiries.

★ ★ ★

Small advertisements are appearing in newspapers with small, local circulations, offering substitute poultry food at very attractive prices. As a result complaints are being made from all parts of the country by people who have sent orders, with cash, and have heard no more.

Inquiries I have made in police and other circles prove that these crooks put up a "stooge" at each headquarters they take. The "stooge" collects the letters and the money and then vanishes.

As he is never seen, except by the person who lets him the temporary office, the police have no knowledge of his real identity, particularly as the name he uses is generally false.

This has been the trouble, for instance, with a man who used the name of "George H. Ridgeway," and, with letter-headings describing him as a "Poultry Food Specialist," operated for a time from an address in Bridge Street, High Wycombe, Bucks.

★ ★ ★

Advertising poultry food, he obtained money from people in various places and then disappeared. The police have tried in vain to find him, though they are convinced that *a gang of unknown men was behind him.*

Other poultry crooks advertise pullets and chickens for sale, but once money is sent to them nothing more is heard.

★ ★ ★

A typical experience is that of a man who sent £1 to one of these advertisers last Spring, but is still without satisfaction. The police have received a large number of complaints of this kind.

So once again I say—whether it is poultry food or part-worn shoes; chickens or second-hand goods of any kind; "bargain" crockery or carpets—and so on—DON'T SEND ANY MONEY IN ADVANCE TO ANY FIRM WHOSE NAME IS NOT KNOWN AND WHOSE STABILITY IS NOT WELL ESTABLISHED.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

FEW of the men serving in the East can resist a visit to the local temple. L/Bdr. J. Nutt, R.A., is no exception, and he writes to his sister at Hampton Road, Urmiston, Lancs:

Near the lake is the Temple of the Tooth, so named because the Sacred Tooth of Buddha is kept there. Our visit was on the day of the full moon, which is a special time for celebration. Pilgrims had come from all over the place, bringing offerings of rice, flowers, fruit, nuts and meat. After three days of prayer all these offerings are distributed among the poor.

Entering the temple, we had to take off our boots, leaving them in charge of the tom-tom beater, who, with other musicians who played wood-wind instruments and cymbals, made a great deal of noise. It did not seem very musical to us, but the worshippers seemed to enjoy the din.

Altogether, it was an impressive ceremony, and we saw the Sacred Tooth resting on a lotus flower in front of a giant image of Buddha.

Good Show

Serving in India, Gnr. L. Faulkner, R.A., explains the "cussedness of things," and writes home to his family at Derbyshire Lane West, Stretford, Manchester:

Just now I seem to have tons of money—over seventy "chips" (rupees), all saved up from my hard-earned pay. Work it out at 1s. 4d. to a rupee, and you will see that I am a man of wealth! All that money and nowhere to spend it!

A few weeks ago I had no money to spend and plenty of places to spend it in. Things never seem to work out right in this —— country!

It's a queer place. This morning a quaint sort of bloke came to our camp-site. He was very thin, just like a needle with two eyes that stared in opposite directions, so that you didn't know which way he was going.

He turned out to be a juggler and Yogi wallah. We called him "Slim," and with a smile that seemed to break his face in halves he began to do his show. First he put a big stone on his nose and, holding his head back, threw another stone high into the air, manœuvring himself around so that the falling stone, on landing, would knock the other one off his nose.

The first time it worked, and, as an encore, "Slim" did it again, but this time the descending stone missed the stone on his nose but hit his mouth, knocking out two of his teeth.

When we brought him round he continued his one-man show, lifting weights by cords suspended to hooks fastened through his eyelids. No wonder he was cross-eyed! His final effort to amuse us was to swallow a 2-ft. knife. A queer taste in food had "Slim."

It was the best show I have yet seen, so we took up a collection for him, adding a few Army biscuits which we thought would be slight and beneficial change in diet after swallowing such indigestible items as knives. "Slim" went away as pleased as Punch. Who knows, he may use the biscuits in his "stones" act.

"A pleasant form of travel"

Anything Once

When Servicemen are not discussing political problems during off-duty hours they make their own amusements in strange lands. Gnr. L. Longley and comrades serving in Ceylon have fun with rickshaws. He writes to his father at Foley Street, Maidstone, Kent:

A few of us went into town for a spot of leave, and we went in rickshaws, a pleasant form of travel, if a bit swift.

Arriving in town, I realised one of my life's ambitions. I took my pals for a ride (see photograph attached). They had thrills all right! My journey was up and down Main Street during the "rush hour," and what with dodging other rickshaws, motor-cars, pedestrians and other obstacles, it took me all my time to avoid disaster.

There was one awkward moment when I tried to pull up quickly, but my Army boots failed to grip the road, with the result that I had to choose between hitting a car or a fruit stall. The latter seemed a bit softer. For a time we were all mixed up with mangoes, pineapples, oranges and grapes, like a fruit salad without cream.

However, no bones were broken, and the rickshaw wallah was glad to get his vehicle back uninjured, and my passengers were also glad and surprised to get back to starting point uninjured.

The Missing Boy

Strategy accounts for a great deal in shopping out in the Middle East. Sister G. M. Robertson, serving with the P.A.I. Force, writes to a friend at Marlborough Road, Southall, Middlesex:

We went out shopping for the mess a few days ago and had quite a hectic morning. We wanted to buy, among other things, five chickens, so decided to take one of the mess boys with us. If we attempted to buy for ourselves the prices would rise sky-high as soon as we got in sight of the shop. So the idea is to give the native mess boy so much money at the entrance to the bazaar, and then ignore him as if he were a complete stranger until the purchases have been made. Well, the boy bought the chickens at a cheap rate, and we hurried off to the station before the shopkeepers realised that we had "dished" them.

Last week we had trouble with our "hov." He was missing, so we had to search for him. Eventually he rolled up, and "rolled" is the right word. He staggered towards us with a silly grin on his face stretching from ear to ear, vainly trying to keep five plump young chickens in a basket, to the amusement of at least fifty Persian kiddies who followed him.

We had forgotten that this boy was partial to Persian wine! The chickens that day did not work out so cheaply.

Lucky Dog

Guard duty after a week's leave is not so good, but it enabled Bdr. J. Cooper, R.A., M.E.F., to find a new friend. He writes to his mother at Gore Street, Gorton, Manchester:

Twenty-four hours' guard duty after a week's leave always seems like a stab in the back, but last night it had its compensations. I found "Jack," or rather he found me.

I was sitting in the doorway of the marquee which serves as a guard-room when I heard the snuffling noise of a dog. I whistled, and into the area of light thrown round the doorway came a little brown dog. He gave a friendly little bark and then sat down, his eyes watching my face, waiting as if for a sign to prove whether I was to be regarded as friend or foe. Most dogs out here are badly treated, and this one was prepared for flight if his worst fears were realised.

I spoke to him softly, and after a time he came towards me wriggling until his cold, brown nose was sniffing at my fingers. I scratched his head and stroked him, and he sat down at my side—we were friends!

Then I brought him some meat left over from supper, and some water, at which he wagged his thanks.

When I went out to visit my sentries he followed closely at my heels, and at every sound in the night he gave a little growl of warning, as if to say: "Look out, pal!"

I have named him "Jack" after our dog at home, and he is now one of us.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● More coal would be produced if miners were paid a decent wage. Working conditions are often appalling. You can't expect good production from men who are expected to risk life and limb, digging coal at 3d. a ton, minus cost of explosives and gear. I enclose pay checks.—"Indignant," Seaton Delaval.

★ ★ ★

Parents and teachers should warn children against the shiny black berries of the deadly nightshade. These "devil's cherries" can kill children as easily as Hitler's bombs.—W. M. Ingham, Padiham, Lancs.

★ ★ ★

Rural postmaster handled 289 letters a day and did £5 a day post-office business at the counter—salary 45s. a week. Now the presence of a great military camp and an ordnance factory means that the postmaster handles eight bags of letters a day, with four-figure counter business in a week—salary still 45s. a week!—"North-West."

★ ★ ★

Fare-dodging is rife on public vehicles manned by overworked women conductors. Come, travellers, a little honesty counts a lot!—F. Braine, Bradford.

★ ★ ★

Shipping insurance rates are reduced because of decreased risk. Surely, for the same reason, War Damage Insurance rates should also be lowered. —"Pensioner," Huddersfield.

★ MARK PRIESTLEY tells of Ben Bryant's formidable record of enemy ships sunk—fifty down and more to follow

AN enemy transport ship was trying to rush troops down the Yugoslav shoreline. Coastal batteries were keeping watch and ward over it every yard of the way.

British submarines had been reported in the Adriatic and look-outs were on the alert. But surely no undersea craft could venture through the tide-rips and shoals within two miles of the coast?

At the troopship hydrophone listeners waited for the tell-tale whine of torpedoes—torpedoes that never came.

Instead, Commander Ben Bryant surfaced his submarine and his gun crew leapt into action and fired twelve rounds as fast as they could load.

Every shell struck home. The transport beached before the shore batteries could open fire. And the submarine disappeared as swiftly as it came.

CLOSE RANGE

Two days later, as a lively torpedo boat was circling a deep-laden supply ship in those waters, Ben Bryant tried it again.

He dared to fire off torpedoes within 400 yards of the anti-submarine craft and heard the supply ship breaking up *behind* the boom of the depth-charges.

Then he popped up alongside a minesweeper, gunned her into surrender, took prisoners from one of the ship's boats and torpedoed and sank the sweeper.

He has attacked and sunk supply ships when they have been escorted by torpedo boats and aircraft.

Once he sighted a flying-boat escorting an Axis ship—and kept them both focussed in his periscope.

"The aircraft went off for a look-round the corner of the cliffs," he says, "and we slipped in. Before we could do anything the crew lowered boats and rowed away and we torpedoed the schooner.

"She went up in a monumental explosion, and we settled down to see what the flying-boat would do.

"It came back for its charge—and not a sign of the ship remained. I can see that dismayed 'plane now—still flying round in small circles."

Such adventures are typical of the greatest submarine skipper so far brought to light in this war, the man who sinks enemy ships like a Spitfire ace picking off Messerschmitts.

"AMUSING TRIP"

He has sunk four ships in a day. He recently came back from three successful operations to announce that he had sunk two tankers, seven supply ships of varying sizes, an armed merchant cruiser and a minesweeper trawler.

In all he has sunk forty ships and damaged at least four others while commanding H.M.S. *Safari*. Then there is the untold havoc he wrought as skipper of the mystery submarine P.57 in a series of daring patrols that seriously interfered with Hitler's ideas of submarine warfare.

He once came home from a trip half way round the world with his Jolly Roger almost filled with white bars to denote scores on enemy shipping.

Fifty, in fact, is probably an underestimate of his total bag.

His men sometimes call him the spider. And not only because of the flies that have walked into his parlour during for

He Finds, Strikes and Kills

of almost unbroken undersea
ils.
ey say it's an amazing sight to see
doubling up like a human hairpin
et his periscope in its swift upward
from the control deck. Amazing,
how his "tin fish" unerringly con-
the target.
ere was the time when our bombers
ed an enemy convoy Bryant had
ted as target and watched him in
n.
e first ship dissipated into a 300-ft.
n of smoke. The second ship,
d with reinforcements for Rommel,
d down by the bows. The third
a tanker, went out of control,
ed round in circles and then ran
nd.
t about that time Bryant sent a
home to his wife: "Am having an
ing trip."
d then there was the period when
tarted a sweep of a hostile coast
cleaned up twenty-eight ships all
n two miles of the shoreline.
ere was the hectic episode when he
ed a destroyer—and found himself
ted and chased instead. The depth
ges rattled down.
hen," says Bryant, "he went back
aw a medal. We went on with the

BRAVE CREWS

they gave Bryant himself a decora-
when his periscopes were torn away
g a ramming and he voyaged home
gh a minefield by a masterpiece of
navigation.
was the D.S.C. Then, when his
sses went on, he gained the D.S.O.
then a bar. And before he had
ed Buckingham Palace he won
her bar.
the news correspondents with the
terranean Fleet went to his D.S.O.
, expecting to hear of his successes.
ad he toasted the lower-deck
s.
ravest men I ever met!" he called
. And added: "They don't know
is going on during an action. They
see anything. Personally, I'd
sail in a submarine except in
e of the periscope. But they do—
ually!"
d Bryant—"Bearded Ben" as they
to call him till he had a clean
—has never failed to distribute
t in his report narratives.
a result, his crew of hand-picked
turers have done more than earn
tune in bounty money. Five have
.S.M., three the D.S.C. Mentions in
atches and Bars are plentiful—and
nt's boys know they can count on
s.

Commander Ben Bryant, D.S.O. and two bars, D.S.C., R.N.

For instance, the occasion when Byrant sighted a suspected conning tower, travelled at full speed on the surface to close with the target, then dived and worked into position.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "We have been carrying out a most spirited attack on the lug sail of a fishing boat!"

Or the moment when he torpedoed a supply ship close to the Libyan coast after stalking it almost from dawn to sunset.

It went up in a sheet of flame that clearly revealed the *Safari* as she lay on the surface. And they were within a mile of the enemy coast!

Bryant dived—but not before he had sighted what looked like a pack of E-boats not far away. He set himself to sink them—and then discovered they were troop barges.

HUNGRY FOR MORE

"Surprise after surprise!" he said

He sank some and shelled others. He pumped torpedoes into tank landing-craft. His gunners had shelled the retreating Axis armies from El Agheila—and now they had another bout of excitement torpedoing the final convoys.

"The end of the African war," Bryant told me, "has taken the bread out of the submarine's mouth—and now we're waiting for another meal."

Since then, secrecy has again cloaked his movements. But you can be sure he is banqueting!

These are the Salt of the Earth.

SIMPLE folk and plain folk, the salt of the earth are they. These keepers-on when things go wrong, these folk who won't give way. They may not have fine graces, nor possess a brilliant mind, but these simple folk are great folk, because their hearts are kind.

HUMBLE folk and plain folk, you'll find them everywhere. They take the heavy weight of life, and how much they have to bear. They flinch not and they fail not, they grasp life's naked blade, but these humble folk are grand folk, for their souls are unafraid.

HUMBLE folk and plain folk, how often they're passed by. But they know the way to live and they're not afraid to die. They live life's every moment, and are seasoned by its stress. That's why humble folk are great folk for they've the stamp of steadfastness. J. M.

If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

WHY SHOULD THE SISTERS BE SACRIFICED?

WHEN this new Education Bill becomes law, local authorities will be empowered to build boarding schools, so that the benefits of communal living can be shared by pupils whose parents cannot at present afford the fees. This reminds me of a letter which came from a soldier's wife a little time ago:

Please help me to decide whether to send my little daughter to a nursery school and take a job to give my seven-and-a-half-year-old son a boarding school education when he is nine.

I want to give both youngsters the best possible education, and it seems to me that the best type is still the boarding school.

In his father's absence, my son is getting far too much petticoat government. I want him to grow up a man among men, and a citizen of the world—not a milksop and a "mother's boy."

But if I go out and work to provide the wherewithal, do you think I am being unfair to my small daughter, leaving her at a tender age in the hands of strangers? My family think I am, and I should never forgive myself if I jeopardised her future to assure her brother's.

I wonder how many girls' education has been sacrificed for their brothers' in this country alone? That was one of the injustices which the suffragettes used to expose in their campaign for women's rights.

Now that girls expect to earn a living the importance of their education is recognised. It would obviously be wrong to deprive them in order to benefit their brothers.

In my opinion, nine is much too young for a boy to leave home. Eleven is early enough for a boy and thirteen for a girl.

BOARDING school life does not suit everybody. Some children would be "made" by it; others would be unspeakably miserable.

But I don't think the mother need be afraid to send a young girl to a nursery school. She would be among strangers—for about a couple of days. After that they would be good friends, and she would learn the art of getting along with other children of her own age.

When I wrote something about sex instruction recently I got an enormous post. A number of letters came from school teachers about the giving of sex talks to children—a few afraid of the subject, the majority in favour.

The Central Council for Health Education has a number of small booklets which will be useful to teachers and parents alike—"From Boyhood to Manhood," "Yourself and Your Body," "The Approach to Womanhood," "How Shall I Tell My Child?" and so on.

They cost 2d. each, but a stamped addressed envelope is also necessary. The address is: Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

Here is part of a letter from a mother:

As one of a family of seven, I always felt that my mother failed to give some knowledge about this all-important matter. When I married, I was determined that no child of mine would suffer in this way.

At about the age of eleven I chatted alone with my boy and girl, telling them it would be so ignorant not to know the interesting things about our own bodies when in the company of intelligent people.

My daughter is now in the A.T.S. and married. She is grateful to me for enlightening her, and says she can discuss the subject with younger girls without causing any giggling or shyness.

Both children are away from home, but I have no fear that they are morally equipped for life.

Boarding Schools make some youngsters miserable—but Eton makes some of its boarders feel gay

Children are not afraid of it, and parents fail in their duties if they do not co-operate in the present desire for the truth and nothing but the truth.

A man has written to tell me just how he explained facts to his young son.

When I had finished telling him, he says, **my boy flung his arms round my neck, and ever since then we have been intimate pals. Never has he found it difficult to approach me or to speak about the most delicate matters.**

Fathers should inform their sons, and mothers their daughters. There is a certain danger in letting them learn through lessons in biology or from books.

Consequently I am in favour of educating parents, so that their children may learn in the right way and not pick up facts from other children.

When my wife told my daughter about the "mystery" of new life, the girl exclaimed: "Oh, Mam, it's just like a fairy story!"

My son and daughter are now aged thirty and twenty-six, respectively, and we are four pals."

TO tell one's own children needs courage, but the parents should appear quite calm and matter-of-fact. Straight questions should be answered honestly, without any sense of hush-hush or embarrassment.

In reply to a blunt question, it is wise to say: "I was expecting you to ask me that, and now I will tell you all about it."

Children respect frankness and courage; they understand much more readily than one may suppose. Show me the child who giggles in the presence of adults, and I suspect her (or him) of having learnt things in the most objectionable way.

Famel

conquers

COUGHS

Don't neglect that cough. The supply position of Famel Syrup is not too bad this season. Regular users who *can't get on without it* should consult their Chemist about arrangements for the Winter.

FAMEL (BRAND) SYRUP

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PRO INTEGRITATE CUTIS

IN THE INTERESTS OF NATIONAL HEALTH

for protection against infection... always wash your hands before meals

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PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

Look for my name in your Service Footwear..

says John White

I am at present engaged in producing millions of pairs of Service Footwear for our armed forces. But my post-war plans are being made for a Footwear Service, new in conception and extent, that will far surpass anything known before the war. So, for his own sake, I want the service man to remember 'John White' the maker and the brand name 'IMPREGNABLE.'

JOHN WHITE

Impregnable

FOOTWEAR

JOHN WHITE (*Impregnable Boots*) LTD., HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.

LAST LAUGH

BERT (South-East). — "When they put me on an overseas draft they made me lance-corporal. When I reported at the dock they made me a corporal. I wonder what I shall be when I eventually get on the boat?" Seasick, probably.

T. M. (Malvern). — "A certain number of plumbers are to be released from the Army as soon as hard frosts set in." We doubt if they will take the risk of going back to the sergeant-major for their mates.

B. N. (Leeds).—"A new flexible key, which, it is claimed, will open the most intricate of locks, has been invented by a Yorkshire engineer." But no doubt only those burglars with the highest credentials will be supplied?

G. L. (London, W.). — "I have been working hard in the same Government Office ever since 1939." You blackleg!

H. N. (London, E.).—"During a recent early morning fog I could not see my hand in front of my face." Perhaps it wasn't there?

P. P. (Fulham).—"When I was young if a chap needed filling out a bit the order was more pudding." Now it is more padding.

W. G. (Felixstowe). — "As a mother I say you can't raise good children by the book." Unless you know how to apply the book where it will do most good.

GERT (Harrogate). — "He has promised to marry four girls to my knowledge, and he is not married yet." He has engaging ways.

SUE (London). — "My heart is not in this new evening frock of mine, somehow." Is it as low as that?

S. N. (Liverpool).—"One thing I've found the Americans in this country do get heartily sick of is our mud." Yes, especially when we call it coffee.

F. G. (Bournemouth).—"In one town I saw scores of commandos rushing madly forward, a 'do-or-die' look on their faces." They must have heard some chocolate had arrived at the Naafi.

L. R. (Woking). — "I have recently realised a great ambition." Did you get a box of matches, too?

W. S. (Ayr).—"When returning home after an afternoon's shopping with my wife, a thief picked my pocket." We are surprised to learn that you had anything left in your pocket to be picked.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Boy! One thing, we sure got good visibility to-day!"

Side-Slips

WILTSHIRE GAZETTE:—". . . reports BOWLING fowl at controlled prices. . . ."

EXETER EXPRESS:—"In yesterday's raids WE lost 30 enemy bombers. . . ."

SHEFFIELD STAR: — ". . . to a thanksgiving service by himself SINGING the church bells."

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE: — "We have got the POOL and shipping situation right. . . ."

REYNOLDS NEWS:—". . . a valuable ewe, and had turned on the LAMPS. . . ."

DAILY DISPATCH: ". . . was sentenced to nine MOTHS."

SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO:—"She admitted having struck him three times on the HEAT with a flat-iron. . . ."

MOST of the Post-war Plans c 1943 can be found, in essenc amongst the published prize *Bulle* of 1942 and 1941. And here a just a dozen 4-word essays on th Shape of Things to Come, selecte from many our readers contribute to this column during 1943.

Not Going To Work—Victory, Un "Humanity's Employed."

The Great Powers—"Knitting"—Or Fu "Comfortless."

Slogan For To-morrow—Fight The *Peace!*

In The New Britain—"Hosea" Fallin Him Arising!

Blessings Of Peace—*Mustn't* End "Service."

With A New Resolution—*We'll Cl* "War's Diary."

Common Justice—"Prize" We Pres *Losers.*

Job We Must Tackle—Putting Gerr *Against War.*

For A Better Race—Give Youngsters "F Start"!

When The Illuminations Return—Do Forget "Freedom's Torch"!

Something To Fight For—Progress—P viding Progress "Provides."

For All To Enjoy—Fruits "Eight Points Securing.

Keep this list, readers. See ho many of the speech-makers of th coming year say anything mo pointed and pungent than th these few winners of 1943. Mean wfille, watch the prize *Bullets* 1944—or better still, *help to wri them!*

BIG PRIZE OFFERS NEXT PA

'BULLETS' & 'LAUGH-LINES' RESULTS NEXT W

GREATEST OF THESE

● John Nash, of Stepney Green, has been ordered into hospital for an essential operation.

He can't go. He's too poor.

Not that the hospital is demanding fees he can't afford.

John Nash, discharged from the R.A.F., six months ago with acute stomach trouble, can't keep his wife and baby properly when he's free to *try* to work.

What will happen to them while he lies in a hospital bed he trembles to think.

John Nash draws no pension—and the fact wouldn't worry him a lot if he could keep well.

He can earn from £3 to £3 18s. a week when that stomach of his permits. Mrs. Nash could manage to maintain her home and look after her sick baby on that.

Then the stomach trouble gets worse. The family budget goes all wrong again. And John Nash, who knows very well that for the sake of himself and that little family he should have that operation, decides once again that he can't afford it.

This is typical of many sad cases requiring relief. All donations are pooled and allocated equitably at the committee's discretion among all deserving cases on our books.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of current subscriptions are available on request, and we are happy to bear all administrative expenses ourselves.

Finally, we must express our gratitude to all those readers whose donations are made anonymously.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

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OVER 200 PATTERNS PHOTOGRAPHS DIAGRAMS ETC.

A simplified dressmaking section with "specialities" for the ladies of the house

Baby's a new-comb pullover which any mum will like to knit. There are plenty more mum's things in the book as well

SOME OF THE THINGS YOU CAN MAKE—

FOR YOURSELF
Classic Twin Set, Vest & Pants Set, Chevron Rib Frock, Lace Stitch Jersey, Russian-style Hat, Fair Isle Gauntlets, etc.

FOR MEN
Cardigan, Pullovers, Vest & Pants, Socks and Gloves.

FOR CHILDREN
Baby Coats, Bonnet, Shawl, Bootees, Leggings, Children's Jumpers, Frocks, Socks, Beret, etc.

Special Section on Renovations and Repairs.

Every woman in wartime needs this wonderful new book which shows her how to make lovely things whilst still practising economy in money and coupons.

"KNITTED GARMENTS FOR ALL"—now published for the FIRST TIME, shows in over 200 patterns, photographs and diagrams, with easily understood instructions, how to make beautiful frocks, pullovers, cardigans, jerseys, sandals, smart hats, gloves and mittens, and other things for herself. It explains how to knit pullovers, underwear, socks and gloves for mankind. It shows how to make baby "specialities," and warm clothes for older children. It tells the secrets of lovely stitches and patterns, and a special section reveals how to make new garments from old—given invaluable hints on knitting repairs which are so necessary at the present time. And this indispensable book is offered to readers of "JOHN BULL" at a specially low Publication Price. Apply for your copy at once. Wartime restrictions mean a limited edition.

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J.L.L. 15/1/44

K.G.

...s proud of his vest, and ...shanie rib pattern always ...k to grow with him.

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...s are still recommended as the perfect ...otion when freshly made. But, for ...having no immediate results to show ..., we offer

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This CONDUCTRESS says

"Journey breaks only give time for a hurried bite, and up and down the stairs all day is trying. But 'Bisurated' Magnesia keeps me free of indigestion and dreadful stomach pains."

This reliable remedy for digestive upsets neutralises all excess acid in the stomach, and relieves the symptoms of indigestion. Ask your chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. 7d. to 2/10 (Inc. Pur. Tax)

'Bisurated' Magnesia

YEAST VITE

SO GRATEFUL

Southampton,
August 19th, 1943.

Dear Sirs,

I am so grateful for the relief I have found since taking Yeast-Vite tablets again. My nerves were so bad I felt I really could not go on. I have not quite finished a large bottle; the pains in my head have gone, and I feel a great deal better already. I shall recommend them again to everyone. (Sgd.) E. D.

A NEW WOMAN

Liverpool.

Dear Sirs, Sept. 1st, 1943.

Since taking your Yeast-Vite tablets I have felt a new woman. A friend introduced them to me, telling me how much good they have done her, so I have tried them, and they have made a big improvement in me.

(Sgd.) Miss M. W.

If you suffer from Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4d. or 3/3d. size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/4d. and 3/3d. sizes (incl. purchase tax). Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Wexford.

After a few applications . .

Germolene
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

checked his

SKIN TROUBLE

Skin sufferers! If you need introducing to a treatment which has proved wonderfully successful—read this! "My brother unfortunately contracted skin trouble. He had treatment for seven weeks but the trouble got worse, the entire arm being red and inflamed. Then I thought of GERMOLENE, and with 6 day's treatment NOTHING COULD BE SEEN EXCEPT A SCAR OR TWO. Now, within ten days, GERMOLENE HAS CLEARED IT." *Miss W.M.R., N.W.1.* Get a tin of Germolene now! 1/8 and 3/6 including Purchase Tax.

GET GERMOLENE TODAY

For BURNS, BOILS, CHAPS, CHILBLAINS, COLD SORES, BLISTERS, INFLAMMATION and ITCHING of the SKIN, etc.

INCREASED PRIZE-MONEY for 4 LETTERS!

TRY "LAUGH-LINES"!

PRIZES swollen to value over £100 must again be won in *Laugh-Lines* this week. You'll find smiles by plenty amongst the *Bullets* you read in the list below—and all you do is to denote your choice of the best four by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS as directed.

Post your *Laugh-Lines* coupon not later than Monday, January 24, and a big *John Bull* cheque may soon be giving you something more to smile at.

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Xword Editor to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Kingsley Place, London, W.C.2.

A. Our Warden—Solly—Selling Dark Curtains!
B. Yawning—Any Fish *Father* Hooks.
C. Landlady's Motto—"Honestly to—" Hides Damp!
D. When Auntie Volunteered—*Uniform* Wouldn't "Join Up"!
E. Wiping Away A Tear—Blacked Sonny's Other Eye!
F. Say What You Like, But—*Recipe* Says It's Delicious!
H. Unexpected Pleasure—Meeting Bookie in Work-house.
J. In The Cart—Hiker Developed *Another* Blister!
K. At Our Door—Dad, After Several "Recounts"!

GIVE KEY LETTERS OF 4 BEST LAUGH LINES—ENTRY COUPON BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £75

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in columns of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with "Bullets" entry.

1ST						
2ND						
3RD						
4TH						

FEE 2d PER COL. | 1s. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Feb. 5.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

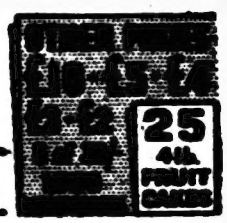
Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JAN. 24.

152

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Two divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed / & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on conditions that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Feb. 12, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

£100 CASH £25 PLUS RADIO BULLETS DOUBLED 1st. RADIO and CAKES!



THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. *Bullets* on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wive Day—Friday, Feb. 4.

SPIRIT OF 1944
WARRIOR WINSTON
VICTORY'S IN SIGHT, BUT
HITLER'S FORTRESS
IN AT THE DEATH
FINEST OF ALL
CHILDREN OF TO-DAY
WAR-TIME MIRACLE
WAY TO DO THINGS
SURPRISE FOR THE ENEMY

BULLETS 1,487 RESULT appears next week

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Make "Bullets" from them as usual.

IN HARMONY
HOUSING SHORTAGE
SOON TO BE OURS
TAKING NO RISKS
WHATEVER THEY CALL IT
GOOD NEIGHBOUR
IN THE WRONG
DOES HER GOOD
IT'S SUNDAY, SO
ACCORDING TO FATHER

PEACE AND.....
WON'T HELP.....
NOT ..... ENOUGH
PLANNING.....
SONNY'S .....
WHAT ..... THINKS

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my qualification forbidding 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Feb. 5. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OR COUPON SIDE.

P.O. Value.....
No .....
Closing Postmark, Monday, JAN. 24

1,410

Signed .....

Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,410—or "Laugh-Lines" 152, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.).

"Keep it Going"

"I switched on and smoke began to pour out of the back". That is the time, lady, to switch *off* — quick! To-day, when service is often hard to get, you may find help and guidance in our little book on the care of wireless sets — "Keep it Going". Please get your copy (Price 6d. and very cheap at the price!) from a Murphy Dealer.

FROM ALL

MURPHY DEALERS

If you are quite unable to find a Murphy Dealer, as a last resort write direct to Publications Dept., Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.G.127

When days are cold many prefer Andrews with the chill off

ANDREWS

Family size tin 2/- including purchase tax

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

(41-24)

What **PRECISION** *is to the Bofors Gun & its Ammunition*

HERCULES

Precision Engineering is to the **CYCLE** *of*

TO-DAY.

The Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. . . . Aston . . . Birmingha

---

VIRGINIAS

RED SQUARES
A rich, cool, satisfying Virginia. 'Broken flake' of medium cut. Very cool and long-lasting - per oz. 2/11

BROWN SQUARES
A finer cut Empire Virginia, shredded and toasted. Dark in colour, but very soft flavour - per oz. 2/7

YELLOW SQUARES
Similar style to Matured Virginia, but made exclusively from the best Empire leaf of Virginia type - per oz. 2/7

PURPLE SQUARES
Curlies. The ever popular spun-cut. Little discs of tobacco ready for the pipe. Flavoursome and long-lasting - per oz. 2/7

★

MIXTURES

BLUE SQUARES
A perfectly balanced mixture of finest Virginia and choicest Eastern tobaccos. The indoor smoker's ideal. Rich in natural aroma, but not heady. Medium cut - per oz. 2/11

GREEN SQUARES
A mixture of the old original Scottish type of medium strength and medium cut, made from selected Empire leaf - per oz. 2/7

TOBACCO, *pipe, all ranks, for the use of*

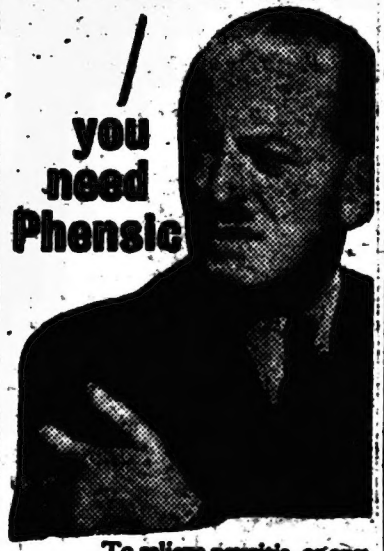
What's this? Blimey! They must be making an issue of FOUR SQUARE That's the only baccy that suits all ranks and tastes, seeing it's made in 6 different blends, and has no artificial scent or flavouring. Make out an indent, Jones. Here's the list.

FOUR SQUARE Cigarettes 20 for 2/4

FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

For Neuritis / you need Phensic



To relieve neuritis, or any kind of nerve or muscular pain, take two tablets of Phensic with a little water. You'll soon be showing a smile of comfort and satisfaction. A tribute to this wonderful remedy. So many people take Phensic now when they feel weary or are suffering pain that it is surprising you haven't tried it before this. Never let painful nerves or muscles be your master—get some Phensic now! In two sizes: 1/6 and 3/3 inc. Pur Tax.

Quickly! take some

Phensic

NOTE: 5 lbs. of coal are used in 2 hours by a gas fire or electric oven

How much will YOU save to make bombers?

Save FUEL for BATTLE

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWE

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